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NEWS FROM THE NORTH.

As I went down by London Bridge
(And I not long on land),
I met a lad from the North country,
And gripped him by the hand,

And said: "If you be late from home,
O quickly tell me true
How fares it now with mine own coun-
try
And with the folk I knew?"

O he looked up and he looked down,
And slow he shook his head,
And "Sure the place is not the same
This many a year," he said.

"For this one's dead, and that one's
wed,
And that gone o'er the sea;
You scarce would know the place again
So many changes be."

"Tell me no more, no more," I cried,
"These grievous news and ill;
Full well I know, where'er you go
The round world stands not still.

"For folk must die, and folk must
wive,
Since change and chance must be
Alike for those who bide at home
And those who use the sea.

"Tell me if anything I'll find
I've known and loved before;
Do the trees stand up by Oakencloough?
The winds blow off the Moor?

"Do magpies in our planting build,
And hares by Blackbrook run?
And at the Top o' th' Lowe the grasses
blow
All ruddy in the sun?"

"Still runs the brook, the trees stand
up
By yonder cloughside still;
You can see the roof of your father's
barn
Look over the windy hill."

"There will I go, and there shall meet
Old ghosts of joy and pain,
And the folk I knew in the time that's
gone
Shall greet me once again.

"The lad that's dead, the lad's that's
wed,
With me shall leap and run
As they did when we were boys at
home
Ere roving days begun.

"There is no land so lone and far,
There is no sea so wide,
There is no grave so deep that there
Shall they unheeding bide,
When the winds that blow in mine
own country
Do call them to my side!"

C. Fox Smith.

The Spectator.

A TRIOLET.

"Jam hlems translit, imber ablit et
recessit.
Surge, amica mea, et veni."
—*The Song of Songs* (Vulgate).

I.

My love, the winter dies at last
And sweeter days will welcome thee;
The rain is gone, the shower past.
My love, the winter dies at last,
And darkened eves are lengthening
fast:

Arise, arise, and come to me,
My love. The winter dies at last
And sweeter days will welcome thee.

II.

The hills are with the morning red,
The sea with setting suns is gilded:
Such art will live when suns are dead;
The hills are with the morning red,
For death and birth are beauty-led.
By that of which the world is builded
The hills are with the morning red,
The sea with setting suns is gilded.

The Nation.

O. Delisle Burns.

FORBID THE DAY.

The waters sing as sing they must
While there's a stream to flow,
The tempests sing and sing they will
While there's a wind to blow;
But men go by with hungry ears
For songs they'll never know,
Men aching for the melody
Of skylarks long ago.

Ralph Hodgson.

The Saturday Review.

GERMAN POLICY IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY.

Our relations with Germany are sure to be serious and important for many years to come; and they may be critical. They will need to be studied from many points of view. We have had a fresh illustration of the urgent need of this in the significant speech delivered by Mr. Lloyd George before a company of bankers and City merchants on the 21st of July of the present year. From this speech we learned with extreme surprise and regret that our relations with Germany had been going through a dark phase in connection with the question in Morocco. Mr. George used serious language. "If," he said, "a situation were to be forced upon us in which peace could only be preserved by the surrender of the great and beneficent position Britain has won by centuries of heroism and achievement, by allowing Britain to be treated, where her interests are vitally affected, as if she were of no account in the cabinet of nations, then I say emphatically that peace at that price would be a humiliation intolerable for a great country like ourselves to endure. National honor is no party question. The security of our great international trade is no party question." On the 27th of the same month Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour made speeches of a like serious tone in the House of Commons. The present writer firmly believes that with a reasonable measure of knowledge, sympathy, and insight there is no ground for strained relations with Germany about Morocco or any other question. Germany has at her door heavy tasks, which will claim her mind and energy for a long time to come. On the east she is confronted with an empire which, according to the last census, has a population of 160,000,000. The future of Austria and South-Eastern

Europe is dark and uncertain. Her relations with France must remain doubtful. A quarrel with England, unless it were forced upon her, we may be sure, does not form part of her programme. The risks would be too great compared with the probable or possible gains. In fact, war between Great Britain and Germany would mean incalculable harm to both Powers and no lasting good of any kind to either. If our obligations to France expose us to such a risk, the sooner they are modified the better, consistently with good faith. We are not bound, let us hope, to support her in an adventurous policy in Morocco. Our business with Germany, whether as regards colonial questions or questions of the Near East, can be arranged in a spirit of mutual goodwill.

In view of all these considerations it is very important that we should know what German policy really is. The present article, as its title shows, is an attempt to answer the question in the light of history.

For about two and a half centuries we can trace a remarkable continuity, consistency, and tenacity in the career of Prussia. The policy of Prussia has become the policy of united Germany.

At a time when the policy of Germany is being so much discussed, and when feelings of doubt, suspicion, and alarm are so frequently expressed regarding it, we should be anxious to see things as they have been and are. Such an inquiry should be the more instructive, as the German system is so different from our own, and has been strong and successful in the very points where our own has been weak.

We can see many reasons which make it hard for an average Englishman to understand the position and the mind of Germany. Though Englishmen and

Germans have come of common stock, the circumstances and the development of the two peoples have been strangely different since they parted long ago. England has been protected by her insular position from the worst consequences of war. She has been a united country for many centuries. For centuries she has not seen an invading army in her midst. Her internal development has gone forward according to the genius of her people and according to the light that was given them without interference from abroad. At home, on the seas, and in the Colonies we have enjoyed a plenitude of opportunity that has not been given to any other people. In our social and political thinking we have long taken for granted, and in our practice we have long carelessly enjoyed or abused great privileges which many other nations have only begun to appreciate.

With Germany it has been entirely different. Germany is an extensive country in Central Europe, which has had no very clearly defined boundaries. The political structure of the country was loose and incoherent. Disunion was a prevailing note of her history for centuries, and the results were awful. Disunion gave continual opportunity and encouragement to interference and aggression on the part of her neighbors. For centuries a divided Germany formed a large and permanent part of the political system of Europe, on which France particularly depended for the maintenance of her ascendancy. Constant interference from abroad, invasion, exaction, provocation and devastation—such was the record of Germany in her relations with other peoples. These calamities culminated in the Thirty Years' War, in the long wars of aggression of Louis the Fourteenth and his successor, and in the insolent domination of Napoleon.

During this long period the internal

development of Germany was hindered and almost brought to a standstill. Her industrial growth, which had at one time been most promising, was arrested. Her sea-coasts being for the most part occupied by foreign Powers, she had little opportunity for commerce. While the nations of Western Europe were struggling for the possession of America, India, and other fields of colonization and conquest beyond the seas, Germany had neither power nor scope to do anything in that way. Germany was neither a State nor a nation to claim a corporate part in the world's affairs.

So different has been the history of Germany from that of England. Englishmen can understand the past circumstances of Germany only by a serious effort of the historical imagination. Few of us have taken the trouble or shown the capacity necessary for such an effort. Yet without adequate knowledge of her past circumstances it is impossible to understand her present position. Very few indeed are the Englishmen who have the knowledge, insight and sympathy requisite to understand the historic past of Germany, to appreciate the intensity of feeling, the high and serious purpose, the resolution and energy with which she at last set about the task of recovering her unity and independence.

The unity of Germany was restored by the Prussian Army in three wars from 1864 to 1871. And it is here that we encounter the worst difficulty Englishmen have in understanding Germany. Prussia may be said to have made the Germany with which we now have to deal; Germany, as understood by not a few people, is Prussia, and Prussia has stood for many things which Englishmen do not love or admire. Prussia was an autocracy in which there was little scope for freedom. It was a State in which everything was subordinated to mili-

tary discipline and to the rigid economy necessary for the support of the army. It was in the most rigorous sense a military State, in which the will of a single man was supreme in every department. Being a military autocracy, rigid in government, organization, and discipline, it has, naturally, as many Englishmen believe, grown great by aggression.

Most Englishmen know Prussia, if they know it at all, from the brilliant caricature of the early Prussian monarchy in Macaulay's essay on *Frederick the Great*. The real and vital points in the development of Prussia cannot be learned from such a caricature. We cannot really understand Prussia unless we understand the circumstances in which she was placed. Let us remember that she was originally a small and poor State in northeastern Germany. Even when Frederick ascended the throne in 1740 her population amounted to only 2,240,000. The soil for the most part consisted of sand and peat. North Germany is a plain, with a very slight slope towards the north. As her superfluous rainfall, therefore, does not find an easy or rapid course to the sea, it tends to form bog and swamp and small lake, and the most fertile parts were thereby rendered useless and unhealthy. The climate was harsh. In such a country agriculture could be made profitable only by laborious and well-directed industry. Manufactures were in their infancy. The country had no special advantages for commerce.

The political situation of the country was no better. It had no natural frontiers, and it had three neighbors of overwhelming power and resources, France, Russia and Austria. It had also to reckon with Sweden and Poland.

Such was the situation, natural and historical, of Prussia. The task before her was how to make the best of

small means and of a very unpromising position. This task was solved by the capacity, energy and resolution of her rulers.

It is agreed that the rise of Prussia began with the Great Elector who ruled from 1640 to 1688. He found his land and people ruined by the Thirty Years' War, and as he succeeded to a weak and impoverished Government, he had no means to help them. The recovery therefore was slow. One of his first cares was gradually to raise funds enough to support an army which would insure the safety of his people and command the respect of his neighbors. His energy, sagacity and high character were invaluable to Prussia at a most trying time. In the latter part of his long reign he welcomed to his dominions nearly 20,000 Protestant refugees from France, who contributed largely to their progress in the arts and sciences. The foundations of the Prussian system were well and truly laid by his grandson Frederick William, father of Frederick the Great, from 1713 to 1740.

At his death in 1740 Frederick William left an army of 80,000, a number which was entirely out of proportion to the population of his kingdom, which, as we have said, was only 2,240,000. In training and equipment it was the first army in the world at that time. But this army represented merely one side of the king's activity. He was himself a model of hard work and frugality, carried to excess at a period when extravagance and profligacy were too common among rulers. He strove to make his kingdom after his own pattern, a model of laborious industry and rigorous frugality. Prussia was mainly an agricultural country, in which the peasantry constituted the rank and file of the army, while the land-owning noble class supplied the officers. The peasantry were serfs—the nobles formed a special caste.

Frederick William energetically promoted agriculture, and he carefully fostered such industries as were practicable. The people of the towns, as being particularly valuable for industry, were exempt from military service. During his reign he was the watchful and consistent champion of Protestantism in Germany and of justice in Prussia, but, above all, he was the disciplinarian of his people in the arts both of war and peace.

Under such a ruler there was obviously little room for freedom. Prussia was the creation of rigid discipline and hard work. But with all his failings and eccentricities Frederick William had a high and serious purpose, which he clearly kept in view and resolutely carried out.

Englishmen who have been saved from European dangers by the English Channel, Americans who have been freed from European entanglements by the whole width of the Atlantic Ocean, can hardly understand how essential a strong army has been to a country like Prussia. As we have said, she had no natural frontiers and she had no great natural resources. These elements of weakness, however, proved to be a most powerful stimulus to the high intelligence and strenuous character of her rulers and her people. Through circumstances which would have been depressing and even ruinous to feeble men, she has risen to greatness.

Frederick the Great inherited a well-organized government, a well-filled treasury, and the best army in the world. He had the genius and energy to use them effectively. Prussia grew in his hands and attained a foremost place among the States of the Continent. It is not our concern here to defend all that he did. The political morality of his time was low. Fraud and force had long been too prevalent in the affairs of nations, and were to

continue to be. He worked under the limitations of his time and of his character, which was not perfect. But there can be no doubt that he was an enlightened, energetic and patriotic ruler. He was what he claimed to be, the first servant of the State, the advocate of the poor. The world has known Frederick chiefly as a great general. War occupied only about one-fifth of his reign. It would be truer and more profitable to regard him as a great economist and administrator.

The main point for us to remember here is that Prussia under the House of Hohenzollern has won on her merits; she has risen to greatness because she deserved it. She has seen times of slackness and extravagance. The House of Hohenzollern has not always maintained its own high standard of energy, economy and enlightened devotion to the State. But few countries have had so long a period of able rule as Prussia enjoyed from 1640 to 1786, when Frederick died. It was particularly the very strenuous time, nearly three-quarters of a century, from 1713 to 1786, which saw the rise and consolidation of Prussia as a Power of the first rank.

The three reigns which cover the ensuing three-fourths of a century, from 1786 to 1861, were quieter and less strenuous. But the Hohenzollern traditions of hard work, of careful promotion of the industrial development of the State, and of care for the army, were never lost even in the worst times. Experience of the bitterest kind under the domination of Napoleon showed more clearly than ever the need for an efficient military system. The new birth of Germany may well be dated from the agony of Jena. In that supreme crisis Prussia learned patience, circumspection and insight. She learned the need of reform in every department of the State, in edu-

cation and in her social and political organization, as well as in her military system. And so an event which seemed to be overwhelming ruin proved for her to be a call to a higher life.

Thus in Prussia we see a State which was so situated that a strong army was an imperative necessity. To maintain such an army her poor resources needed to be fostered and husbanded to the very uttermost. Her rulers had the insight to see this primary need, and the strong will to adapt themselves and their country to it. The first duty of self-preservation demanded it. But as time went on a nobler aim disclosed itself. The force which was at first meant for self-preservation and self-respect could be used also for the restoration of German unity and independence. It has been the high historic mission of the Prussian Army to heal the divisions and end the misfortunes of Germany.

For a century after the awful catastrophe of the Thirty Years' War the estate of Germany had been exceedingly low. The common people had fallen into the deepest misery and apathy. Too many of her princes aped the Court of Louis the Fourteenth in a style of awkward and brutal profligacy. The period which came after 1750 saw a great revival of German intelligence. Her sons took the foremost place in poetry, philosophy and in historical research. The victories of Frederick showed what German skill, valor and discipline could achieve under the utmost stress of war. The civic and military reforms which followed the collapse of Prussia at Jena bore fruit in the terrible struggle of the War of Liberation in 1813. In the great final struggle against Napoleon Prussia bore the heaviest burden.

But in spite of all these achievements there was no German nation to claim them. There were States in

Germany in plenty, but there was no German State. This State came into existence in 1871, as the new German Empire. In this achievement Prussia had its culmination and its close as a separate State. Germany has won, not only a national life, but a full national life. To the old pre-eminence of her sons in poetry, philosophy and research she has added new distinctions in war and politics, in industry, scientific discovery and social reform. In all the great departments of national life Germany may claim a foremost place among the nations. If generally we compare the achievements of Germans with other peoples, we may fairly assign to the men of the Fatherland the foremost place during the last century and a half.

During the nineteenth century Germany has had two most worthy tasks to perform: to recover her unity and independence and to win a fitting place among the nations. If we study her history in the light of those two tasks we shall find it intelligible and most honorable. The recovery of German unity was a most rational and beneficent revolution, accomplished by the operations of high moral and national forces. It was an event which must be judged as a revolution, and not by the ordinary lights of the routine of politics.

If we are to understand Prussia and Germany, there are certain points which require special attention. Let us try, even at the risk of repetition, to make them clear. Our difficulties in understanding Prussia may be summed up in two chief points: it is a military State and its Government is an autocracy, and these two points are really identical, for the one naturally suggests and even includes the other. An autocracy naturally rests on the army; the military State usually has a single head. Prussia has undoubtedly been a military State controlled by an

autocracy; and such a State so controlled, it may be said, usually lends itself to aggression.

But we must remember that such abstract propositions as the above express only a small part of the truth. We have seen that Prussia became a military State not from choice, but from necessity, and we should also recollect that history shows many variations in the so-called military type of State. There have been military States with which it would be the grossest calumny to identify or compare Prussia in any kind of way. There have been lapses in the career of Prussia; but in general it has maintained a high standard of intelligence and of moral purpose. If its Government has been an autocracy, it has been served and even guided and controlled by serious and enlightened advisers.

It would be just as true to call it an industrial as a military State. In the policy of the Hohenzollerns we see a sustained and systematic effort to develop the economic resources of the country. If they have been soldiers they have also been economists and administrators, prompt and resolute to direct and help the industrial development of the country. From our point of view they may have made mistakes in so doing, but there can be no doubt that their efforts have been serious, consistent and well-intentioned. We must never forget that Prussia was naturally a very poor country. Its rulers and people have made the most of it by intelligent and assiduous culture. Under the direction of her rulers sandy wastes and moors were made to bear decent harvests. Swamps and quagmires were drained, rivers were embanked, canals were dug. On the lands thus reclaimed and made accessible colonies of thriving and industrious peasant-farmers were settled. Building of

suitable houses and the making of good roads were urged on. The gift of a good house was not an unusual mark of Royal favor to a deserving subject. Order, justice and education have been a first care of the Prussian rulers. Minute and careful personal inspection of their domains was a part of their administrative policy, to which they attended as carefully as to the reviewing of their troops.

Such a system may be best known by its fruits. Seldom, if ever, in the history of the world has a State been subjected to so severe a test as Prussia was during the Seven Years' War. How marvellously it stood the test is well known. But the soundness and excellence of the Prussian system were even better shown by the rapidity with which it recovered from the effects of the war. Whole regions had been devastated, houses had been burned down, horses and cattle killed or driven away. Even corn in many districts was wanting, to provide food and to sow the fields. Half a million people, or one-ninth of the whole population, a large proportion of whom naturally were adult males, had perished during the war. The situation was not hopeful. Yet in six or seven years the ruin had been repaired. People and Government combined in this beneficent work. Sixty thousand army horses were distributed for use among the most needy farmers. Most of the funds which Frederick had provided for an eighth campaign were used to build houses, to buy corn for food and for sowing, and to procure other needful appliances. As we have said, Prussia recovered in a marvellously short time from the evil effects of a most exhausting and desolating war.

To many minds a military State suggests a predatory State. Such a suggestion is intolerable with regard to Prussia. Industry has been the note

of the Prussian State throughout its history, industry ceaseless, thrifty, well-directed and victorious under adverse conditions of soil and climate. War was, generally speaking, a most unwelcome incident to her rulers. Military training was an imperative necessity. The true and constant vocation of the State was rational industry, in which Government and people combined to convert a waste and barren land into a well-ordered and well-equipped country.

Prussia soon became notable as a well-ordered and well-equipped State. To the seeing eye its good roads and water-ways, the excellent buildings, public and private, of its towns, the thriving and industrious population, both in town and country, marked it out as a progressive country with a most promising future. When it began to take a high rank among the nations, Prussia had equal justice, a good system of education, an energetic and frugal Administration, which was provided with a substantial hoard of ready cash, and a large army which was always ready to march at a fortnight's notice, completely equipped in every detail. In most of these points Prussia showed a striking contrast to its neighbors in Germany and beyond it. Is it a marvel that such a State was rewarded with success? The marvel would have been if it had not succeeded. In short, Prussia was a frugal, hard-working, well-ordered, well-equipped and efficient State when its neighbors in varying degrees were slack, backward, ill-governed, anarchic. The success of Prussia is the simple result of the laws of moral causation, the operation of which in history the candid inquirer is anxious to trace and glad to find.

With regard to the German Army, it should be noted that it forms an integral part of the nation. It is the able-bodied nation trained, equipped, and

organized for self-defence. It is the training school of the national physique, a school of patriotism and of civic virtue, as well as of military skill and intelligence. The aim of the army is self-preservation in the widest sense, to maintain the self-respect, the rights and interests of the German people. Service is a civic and patriotic obligation laid on all able-bodied men. We need not wonder, therefore, that the army holds a high place in the mind and heart and daily life of the German people. Nor need we stop to point the contrast to our own army, which finds such a place in the hearts of our people only when a great crisis rouses national feeling to an unusual height.

The new Germany was born in 1871. Before that time the Germans, as we have seen, had won a foremost place in literature and art, in historical and scientific research. Prussia had gained the foremost place in the art of war. By 1871 her economic development on modern lines had begun, but it was not yet sufficient to give her a foremost place among the nations. To her industrial and commercial development Germany has brought the same qualities of science, system, thoroughness and tenacity which had ensured success in other departments. Before the close of the nineteenth century Germany had attained to the highest position as a fully and completely developed modern State. In all the arts of war and peace she was second to none. When we compare her present circumstances with the unspeakable burden of calamity which she bore at the close of the Thirty Years' War, or even with her position in 1850 after the failures of the revolutionary period of '48, we may excuse the German of to-day if he have a feeling of honorable pride in the high place which his country now holds. It is a place which is well deserved, which has been

won by the most sterling qualities of mind and heart against the most formidable obstacles, internal and external. For be it remembered that the most serious difficulties in the way of German progress in unity, independence, and in the realization of the most precious blessings of national life have been found in Germany itself. To have cleared away the mass of futility, confusion and obstruction that formerly afflicted Germany, in face of so much prejudice, imbecility, and selfishness, was no mean achievement. In such a change we must say emphatically that the best elements of the nation found triumphant expression.

Let us hope that the better elements will prevail in the future. We can see that Prussia survived and has prevailed because she proved herself the fittest. In her career we see the triumph of sustained energy, rationally and systematically directed towards serious and worthy ends. As the one fixed point of orderly progress in North Germany, she was bound to gather round herself into some kind of system the confused and feeble elements that existed there. It has been the victory of character, of the disciplined mind and will, over unfavorable conditions. It has been a great and successful system; but it is not perfect. No system can be perfect which does not give due scope to freedom. Even as an instrument of success in the highest form it is imperfect, inasmuch as it tends to foster routine, to discourage initiative, and the genial expansion of the individual mind and character. So far as organization tends to the development of the mere machine it signally fails. The awful experience of Jena is a sufficient warning as to the inefficiency of the machine when the directing and moving power is defective.

In England we suffer from the opposite extreme. England and the Em-

pire are to an eminent degree the product of free expansion, of free energy, enterprise and adventure. Government with us has not been the all-controlling factor that it has been in Prussia. On the contrary, it has too often allowed things to take their course when control was morally necessary and would have been practically beneficent. In all departments of our national and imperial life we suffer from the want of wise direction and organization. Insight into real conditions, the skilled prevision and direction that are based on insight, have been and still are seriously wanting.

For the attainment of the highest forms of society we require the combination of organization and freedom. We require an organization which will give due scope and opportunity for the free play of the individual mind and will. It has been character above all other things which has carried Prussia to a foremost place among the nations. But this character must, from the point of view of the highest modern culture, be regarded as too much the product of the drill-sergeant. The highest character is the result and the accompaniment of the moral discipline which the fully-trained man imposes on himself. Germany under Prussian guidance has won, as it deserved, a foremost place among the nations. It has the means for maintaining such a fitting place. Let us hope that Prussia will henceforth be merged in a Germany in which there will be less need for military discipline, and a widening scope for the free voluntary discipline which secures the highest national character and culture. Hard pressure of circumstance long made it necessary for Prussia to maintain a severe discipline and a rigid social and political organization. It would be disastrous to the highest human progress if these were continued under

the happy conditions in which Germany is now placed.

It is admitted that Germany and England have learned much from each other in past times. The notable differences in their past and in their present political and social organization, instead of being a ground of estrangement, should be a stimulus to their mutual progress. In Germany there are many features which should awaken reflection, emulation, and even imitation over here. Our chief concern is to do our part in our own sphere of duty and interest. We should be ready to learn from Germany. It is the best-organized country in the world. The study of a system so different from ours should teach us not only to understand Germany but to improve our own methods.

The record of the subjection by warlike nations of industrial peoples who neglected military training, who were excessively devoted to sport and pleasure, or were given up to sloth and slackness, forms a very painful section of history. We cannot be sure that this melancholy chapter in human affairs is ended. Germany has shown us how to end it. The true vocation of Prussia and of Germany under her guidance has been enlightened industry. The pursuit of industry, and of the knowledge by which industry may be wisely directed, has made modern Germany. But she has not neglected the military training by which the results of enlightened industry need to be safeguarded.

There is therefore no mystery or dubiety about the policy of Germany. It is the policy which has been pursued by the House of Hohenzollern since the Great Elector began to rule in 1640, the rational and systematic promotion of the interests of the State. Tested and approved in a small way for many years, it has grown till we now see it exercised on the largest

scale in the high affairs of imperial and world politics. The German Fleet and Army are intended simply to be the instruments of such a policy. We surely need not take the trouble to point out how different such a policy is from that of Louis the Fourteenth or Napoleon, with its fatal mixture of vanity, of the love of "glory," and of the ambition which, by its excess, brings about its own chastisement and ruin. Such a policy as that of Germany makes her a more serious rival than France ever was. But if we understand it rightly, it also gives us the assurance that we may easily be the most cordial friends on reasonable terms. The fact that Germany has had the strongest army in the world for forty years and has not waged a single war should alone dispel the fears that are by some entertained regarding her policy.

What present use can we make of this appeal to history? Our first duty is to clear our minds of the absurd and pernicious idea that the wars of 1864-71 were wars of vulgar aggression. They were waged to secure unity and independence and all the thousand blessings implied in unity and independence for a great people that had for centuries endured the worst evils of disunion and of foreign interference and domination.

Germany, as we have seen, has an exceptionally difficult position to maintain in Central Europe. She has a population of 65,000,000, which is increasing at the rate of about a million a year. She therefore does not suffer from the evils of a slow or arrested development. But she needs room for expansion, as an organism with a high vitality like hers must do. She has sought it overseas, not very successfully. For she came too late to have her share in the times of great colonial expansion, especially in the Temperate zones. But there remained Africa.

The map of Africa at the present day shows that of the four Powers chiefly concerned, Great Britain, France, Belgium and herself, she has fared worst by far. We need not wonder at her persistency about Morocco, which may be regarded as the last field for colonial enterprise that is still to be appropriated. In these matters I think it was our duty and our interest, rightly understood, to be friendly, sympathetic and even generous towards Germany, and we have not so been. It does appear that our rulers have not really understood the past history or present position of Germany. Whether it has been prejudice, ignorance, or merely a desire always to have the best of a bargain, or a confused mixture of all three, one cannot easily determine. But the result has come home to us in swollen armaments, in strained relations, and in the insane talk of war.

Germany has also sought expansion towards the Far South-East; the railway to Bagdad under her auspices will probably restore culture and prosperity to ancient seats of civilization

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which for centuries have lain waste. We are justified in saying that she has taken Turkey under friendly guidance and protection. This is the best available solution of the great problem of the Near East. We should have raised no objection to it, but should rather have furthered it in every reasonable way. It is still not too late to adopt a perfectly frank and friendly policy in this matter. The influence of Germany in those important regions should tend to promote the economic development of Turkey, to turn the minds of the Moslems to the pursuits of industry, to encourage peace among the various races constituting her population, and to raise a barrier against the excessive advance of Russia. Above all things, it should be our aim in the future not to create or leave the impression in the German mind that a main object of British policy is to thwart the Fatherland in peaceful and legitimate efforts to secure the expansion which a great and growing people need.

T. Kirkup.

DICKENS AT WELLINGTON HOUSE ACADEMY.

"The house is still standing, but doomed to be presently demolished," wrote the late Mr. Kitton some nine years ago concerning Dickens's old school in the Hampstead Road. As yet the prophecy is unfulfilled. The house goes on standing, presenting to the passer-by, despite its continued occupation, a somewhat gaunt and sterile aspect. An inanimate looking house with windows that have a vacant reminiscent stare about them, and doors—it seems to have a variety of front doors—that preserve a grimly shut-up and uninviting appearance. Of course, the influence of the Hampstead Road is enough to depress any building; never

was such a dingy main thoroughfare; but one might imagine that, in addition to a touch of the universal low spirits, Wellington House—or plain No. 247 as it is now—has got "Classical and Commercial Academy" upon its mind, that it can't quite forget the day when it was *the* school of the neighborhood, and in consequence has retired upon itself in dudgeon, and grown ill-conditioned with age, like another Mrs. Pipchin. Did not its Mr. Pipchin, otherwise Mr. William Jones, Schoolmaster, break his heart, if not exactly in Peruvian mines—in improving minds instead, when his school-room hearth, metaphorically torn up

by that savage monster, the London and Birmingham Railway, he was turned out ruthlessly into a cold and unappreciative world, and pitching his scholastic tent in the neighborhood of Park Street, couldn't make a do of it? Plainly history suggests the poor man pined away and died of a broken heart. But as Jones was the original of Dickens's Mr. Creakle, and doubtless gave a hint or two for Wackford Squeers as well, between you and me, I don't think he had a very large heart to break.

The very fact that Jones's business did not stand transplanting is a tribute to some solid quality of attractiveness in Wellington House itself. "It was a school of some celebrity in its neighborhood, nobody could say why," wrote Dickens in the description he gave of it in one of his fugitive pieces. It is true that, though Jones himself had not the slightest pretensions to scholarship, he had wit enough to employ competent assistant masters; true again that in a commonish way he looked the part of "head," had even Blimberish traits, and had caught the trick of making himself agreeable to parents. But undoubtedly the main reason for success is found, not in Jones or his underlings, but in the fact that the house was a lofty and imposing one for the neighborhood, and in its commanding position at the corner of Granby Street, where even now it cannot fail to arrest the eye of anybody coming up the Hampstead Road. Nor must the pleasant outlook across the open fields of the dairy farm opposite, with Old Saint Pancras Church in the distance, be forgotten. Add to all which, were there not the high-sounding name and satisfying adjectives for passing fathers to roll their tongues round as they eyed the inscription setting them forth, apparently on a board over the door, and to reel off at home when they happened in a cas-

ual way to discuss their educational views for Tommy! As to the mothers—those dear good mothers with the vaguest ideas as to education and the clearest ideas as to a "genteel establishment" for their youthful hopes—for "let us be genteel, or die"—bless me, what mothers could possibly bear up against the combined attractions of Mr. Jones's school! So the master got more pupils than his premises could well accommodate. Of course John Dickens could scarcely fail to fall an easy victim. The simple words alone, "Wellington House Academy," with their Micawberish cadence, must have bowled him off his legs at one clean shoot. So what more natural or desirable, when breaking with Lambert of the blacking business, and deciding to let Charles go to school, that he should send the boy round to Mr. Jones with a polite enquiry as to Mr. Jones's terms.

Some two years Dickens spent here, going to and fro daily between the school and his home in Johnson Street, Somers Town. He is believed to have taken the way round by Drummond Street, then semi-rural of aspect (and if you want to think of it as such don't go and look at it now, that's all), for though this route would seem to have been unnecessarily long, it is said to have been the most accessible. Another reason given for Charles's going by it is that here he met many of his schoolfellows—his intimate, Daniel Tobin, who lived in George Street, for one—pleasant testimony to his genial, sociable character. Dickens's pranks in Drummond Street, when heading his companions, he staggered old ladies by begging for a trifle on the score that they were "poor boys" are too well known to bear detailed repetition, but the explosions of laughter that burst from him as he took to his heels seem to ring so blithely in our ears, cancelling the intervening decades, rich

with his fame, and with our tender memories of him, as if they never were, that we stand amazed at this exhibition of careless merriment and irresponsible boyishness, remembering that only yesterday, as it were, he was a little laboring hind toiling in the shade of sad experience.

Now, indeed, was the spirit of Dickens enabled to rise free and untrammelled above circumstance. The heavy hand of Poverty had held him in its ogreish grip, forcing his childish nature to subdue itself to the hard facts of life, urging him with cruel sneer, as it were, to stare cold reality in the face at the very time when Make-Believe, like a beneficent fairy, was warming his young heart by touching off the world for him with bright rays from her wand. But the days of hardship were over: a new era now began for him: from this time forth he was master of his fate. At the moment present happiness seems to have partially blotted out the sense of wrong that abided by him. If he had been sadly disheartened, he was now more than heartened; for the first time since the early days at Chatham he became exuberantly himself. His years, his fancy, his capacity for joy asserted themselves and would brook no denial. He threw himself into boy life with the zest of one starved for companionship. The mere fact of taking up his career again in a normal fashion for his age and upbringing was no doubt delightful, but the larger and perhaps scarcely realized fact that here in a company of lads was the freest and widest scope for the gratification of his buoyant high spirits and intense idea of fun, and the expansion generally of his sunny nature must have been positively exhilarating. For the solitary child had a genius for camaraderie. Often in his lonely wandering of London streets must he have eyed in wistful fashion groups of passing scholars

with their satchels—noisy commonplace urchins like enough, but how doubly blessed in point of schooling, and in point of fellowship, that masonry of youth, that common bond of flouting a sober, grown-up, workaday world with the manifest superiority of boyhood's interests. And struggling through his misery might come some fancied picture of himself as a school-boy, then momentarily might the little face lighten, the eyes beam, and Pip's "Wot Larx" hover red-lettered in the sky.

And lo and behold the fancy was realized! Hey presto! The half-subdued, half-whimsical child, into whose large gaze surely something mournful must have crept, is gone; the shabby little suit and much-worn white hat have disappeared; and in their places we find the brightest and liveliest of boys in the neatest of pepper-and-salt attire, the sprucest of turn-down collars, and a hat no doubt in keeping with his years. He has a wonderful fund of animal spirits, this boy, holds his head more erect than his fellows do, and has an air of general smartness and alertness. He is a great hand at all sorts of harmless fun, and his eyes are frequently twinkling like forerunners of his own rising star. If there is a sore at his heart he does not show it. . . . Blacking, sir, did you say blacking? I believe I have heard of the article. Stuff you polish boots with, isn't it?

It is not to be supposed that Dickens ever "let on" to his schoolfellows aught of his experience of "life"; in fact, we have his word that until he came to write of it, no word of it passed his lips to any human being. That his feelings under the circumstances would coincide with those of David Copperfield among the boys at Doctor Strong's is only to be expected. "I was so conscious," says David, "of having passed through scenes of which they

could have no knowledge, and of having acquired experiences foreign to my age, appearance, and condition as one of them, that I half believed it was an imposture to come there as an ordinary little school-boy." Whether what he had learnt had so slipped away from him in the sordid cares of his life that, like David, he was put into the lowest form, or whether his memory had retained enough of his early instruction that, as he has it in *Our School*, he was put at once into Virgil, there is no evidence to show. Whatever he may or may not have been as a scholar, there can be little doubt that he quickly achieved a personal popularity among his fellows. The touch he had with the street, his grip of its varied life, and his youthful sizing up of humanity generally must have given him an assurance they lacked in exploits based on impudence. Small wonder we find him a leader in pranks. He was like a dog let loose after days of the kennel: his spirit leapt and bounded. He had a lot of way to make up in the matter of jokes and laughter, of playing of games, and of pretending to be this and that and the other. The boy was father to the man: to fancy himself a character, and to fancy others in character was half the pleasure of life. To be a pirate, say, and have untold treasure buried somewhere on the Spanish Main (first turn to the right, sir, up Granby Street), to be a hero, say, and cry: "Hold, villain!" and perform prodigies of valor in the Hampstead Road: to hug to his bosom every fable invented about the masters, and his fellows and their belongings, thereby giving the school and himself a delightful half imaginary existence, in which actual externals were dull symbols; to pretend to be a real editor and to bring out a paper and to sell it, or rather to hire it out, for that currency of the realm, pieces of slate pencil, to run a toy

theatre and present startling melodramas, such as "The Miller and His Men" (free list entirely suspended), or "The Dog of Montargis," with a pet white mouse making the hit of the evening as the Dog: these were his diversions. That Dickens was stage-struck from his childhood up is really perhaps the central fact about him. Those two magic words, "Enter" and "Exit," for ever held him in their thrall, and flit like invisible sprites through every page of his fiction, urging him on to wild excesses in the way of fresh creation. For him, once the deadening monotony of the blacking drudgery was over, the whole stir of humanity about him would seem to have been not so much life, as a glorious dramatization of life. The people in his ken, or at any rate those who specially interested him, were not so much people as "parts," and his fertile little brain was incessantly devising appropriate stage setting for them. At least, one has that impression.

The earnest purpose and high ambition that had swelled Dickens's youthful breast in earlier years—what of them? The passionate resolve, born of the blacking experience, to put himself for ever beyond the chance of falling into such a sordid way of living—what of that? To what extent did these hold him while at school? Impossible to say for certain: that he was actuated by them one sees no reason to doubt, but he was young, and if they were to him as beacon lights illuminating his path, who shall blame him for sporting in their rays a little! Surely he had a far more necessary and important thing to do just now than to devote himself exclusively to learning. He had to be a boy! 'Twere hard if he who was a boy in spirit all his life could not have some real boyhood. Let us be glad he had these two happy, careless, sunny years.

Of course he worked, else he had not

been Dickens, but not one fancies to any alarming extent. The circumstances were not very conducive to solid achievement: what with droning voices, spluttering pens, and scratching slate pencils—let us remember the whole two hundred pupils and the several masters were crammed into one room—what with sly nudgings and secret laughter, with sharp words of reprimand, and the cane often punctuating spoken lessons like a vigorous semicolon, it was scarcely the atmosphere for earnest endeavor on the part of a boy so keenly alive to the color and movement about him as Charles Dickens. Doubtless he always did best apart from others, and probably his most valuable educational periods were first the one at Chatham, when his master, Mr. Giles, took him specially in hand, and, later on, the course of reading he went through by himself at the British Museum. However, the inference in Forster's "Life," and the plain statement in Kitton's "Life," that Charles took no prizes at Wellington House Academy would seem to be incorrect. We shall see in a moment that he took first prize for Latin. That he had, at least, a nodding acquaintance with the Latin grammar must be plain to readers of *Dombey*, while both in that book and in *Our Mutual Friend* he seems to show that the "character" side of Roman History had touched his imagination. But plainly Dickens was not what is known as a "swot." No swot was ever half so popular, for swots are only tolerated by their companions, never really liked, even though belated cheers are given for them at prize-givings as credits to the school, and a show made of calling them Old Brown, or Jones, or Robinson, as the case may be. No swot was ever half so full of fun and fancy as the irrepressible Dickens. No swot ever took the Hampstead, or any other road, as did Charles, fancying himself

to be, say, Signor Dickenzi, or some such elegant person, and exchanging lively converse with his chums in the Signor's native lingo, otherwise gibberish, and darting bright glances at the passers-by to see how they took it, and no doubt roaring with laughter if any looked back at them with a seeming impression that the boys must be really foreigners. Said gibberish, let it be noted, was not actually invented by Dickens as stated by Forster, it being in vogue when he joined the school, but no doubt Charles beautified it and enlarged it. Swots are too much occupied with dead languages to bother about beautifying a live one.

The following extract from a letter which appeared in *The Camden and Kentish Towns Gazette* in January, 1872, written by "R. S.," of Kentish Town, *apropos* of Forster's description of the novelist's early days, seems to clinch the matter of his winning a prize.

"I should first observe that my father was one of the junior masters at the school in the Hampstead Road, where Dickens attended. From my recollection of conversation (I am now speaking of twenty-five or thirty years ago), Mr. Dickens, sen., lived in Johnson Street, Somers Town, a neighborhood that would better tally with the description of a poverty-stricken street than Bayham Street, Camden Town. Amongst other duties, my father had to prepare the school accounts and present them for payment. I can perfectly recollect his description of a visit to the house on the north side of the east end of the street, and the great interest Mr. Dickens took in his boy's progress at school. One gentleman who was at the school in Dickens's time is under the impression that he did not particularly distinguish himself, but I quite remember he was spoken of as having taken the Latin prize—a great distinction, I consider, in

a school of two or three hundred boys." That further great distinction did not attend our youthful genius does not perhaps really count for very much in a school of such commonplace character as Jones's. It was the boy with four brothers to come who got the prizes as a rule. Dickens said so. He knew!

The schoolroom at Wellington House—demolished, as mentioned, by the Railway, which here passes under the Hampstead Road—was, of course, not part of the building proper. It was, apparently, a long, one-story timber structure standing in the play-ground, parallel to and fronting Granby Street, and placed "a little space" behind the dwelling-house. Saunter down the dismal patch of garden left until you come plump on the shuddering brink that overhangs the cutting, and you must be on the site of it!

For a graphic picture of it *David Copperfield* may be turned to. David describes it as the most forlorn and desolate place he had ever seen. "Scraps of old copybooks and exercises litter the dirty floor. . . . There is a strange unwholesome smell upon the room, like mildewed corduroys, sweet apples wanting air, and rotten books. There could not well be more ink splashed about it, if it had been roofless from its first construction, and the skies had rained, snowed, hailed, and blown ink through the varying seasons of the year."

The tutors were in keeping with the room. Alas, the poor assistant masters! Dub we them formally Mr. This and Mr. That, grant we them a measure of scholarship, they remain to us, seen through the eyes of Dickens, a down-trodden, pitiful lot. Mr. Mell, in *David Copperfield*, is thoroughly typical of them. His prototype was Mr. Taylor, the English Master, whose desk was placed in the southwest corner: poor soul, he found relief from his

scholastic inferno by tuning a melancholy flute. So must the immortal Oliver have tuned it under Milner. Taylor also figures as the usher in *Our School*, who was "considered to know everything as opposed to the Chief, who was considered to know nothing." Mr. Manville, the Latin Master, otherwise Mr. Blinkins of *Our School*, the feeble gentleman who had "the best part of his life ground out of him in a Mill of boys," was placed in the northwest corner. On the south side of the room was the desk of Mr. Shier, Junior Master (probably the father of "R. S."), and near him the French Master had a chair. Dickens read the looks of these poor masters as plainly saying: "Boys, never be learned; boys, whatever you are, above all things be warned from that in time by our sunken cheeks, by our poor, pimply noses, by our meagre diet, by our acid beer, and by our extraordinary suits of clothes, of which, no human being can say whether they are snuff-colored turned black, or black turned snuff-colored, a point upon which we ourselves are perfectly unable to offer any ray of enlightenment, it is so very long since they were undarned and new." The tyrant Jones, like a grim Cerberus, had his desk near the entrance at the east or house end of the room.

For the boys there were three long rows of continuous desks, on each side of which they sat. In these desks, in addition to their lawful books and papers, white mice were kept by them, and "the boys trained the mice much better than the masters trained the boys." Birds, bees, and such small deer, also seem to have found a home here, a state of things which points to a certain laxity of discipline mingled with the undoubted severity. Dickens's place was about half way down on the north side row with his back towards the wall, and sitting next to him was a boy named Bowden. In

conjunction with Bowden he brought out *Our Newspaper*, as it was called, a light and topical weekly containing comic advertisements and scraps of news. The following piece of boyish fun may be quoted as a sample of its contents: "*Lost*. By a boy with a long red nose, and gray eyes, a very bad temper. Whoever has found the same may keep it, as the owner is better without it." Short tales were also issued by these *littérateurs*, done, as was the newspaper, on scraps of paper pinned together, and lent to read for the customary charge of a piece of slate pencil. With another boy, Beverley, afterwards a noted scene painter, Dickens went into partnership in the theatrical management line, and with such *entrepreneurs* as these two the miniature shows must have been really worth seeing. Of course, some acting and reciting of a more grown-up sort went on in the school, but this was probably done at prize-givings.

Charles's education here, apparently, was not like that of Old Cheeseman, in *The Schoolboy's Story*, entirely plain. From giving him no schooling at all his parents jumped to the opposite extreme, and paid for "extras." Dancing was one, to which class on Wednesdays a neighboring girls' school lent the necessary maiden element. To the charms of one young lady Charles promptly fell a victim—alas, this fair enthraller of his first affection was chiefly remembered by him in connection with an instrument of torture called a backboard and a curious machine of wood which confined her innocent feet in the first dancing-position. The specialty of the fat little master was the hornpipe, and the boy became a skilful dancer of it. Music lessons he had too. These were given in the front room on the ground floor, perhaps the sole scene of his youthful labors that is left to us. And they *were* a labor, these lessons! If he had put any

heart into them he would probably have left us some picture of the toilsome study, but one fancies that, like Tiny Tim drinking Scrooge's health, "he didn't care two-pence for it." In fact, it may be a sort of comfort to less gifted mortals to know that Master Dickens was a complete duffer at his music. Yes, here was something Dickens could Not do. Music in his soul we know he had, but apparently no music in his fingers. That there was, and is, musical ability, in his family we are well aware, but plainly he was not cut out for an executant. The music-master one day, exasperated by the boy's lack of aptitude, gave him up as a bad job, sent for Mr. Jones, and told that worthy it was only robbing the pupil's parents to continue to give him lessons. Well, well, the world is probably a gainer by the fact than otherwise. We shan't grumble.

In *Our School* mention is made of "a serving man, whose name was Phil," who, "when we had the scarlet fever in the school," it is related, "nursed all the sick boys of his own accord, and was like a mother to them." This same Phil is generally held to have figured also as Phil Squad of *Bleak House*, who, it will be remembered, helps to nurse poor Jo, and to have had a real existence at Wellington House. It should be said though that Mr. Langton, the Dickens authority, seems to claim him for Chatham days. However, one feels sure there must have been some such individual at the later school, also—but this is a mere personal belief—that there was probably some kindly woman servant who figures both as 'Mella in *Dombey* and Jane in the *Schoolboy's Story*.

Among the boarders at this school originals have been found for Helena Landless and her brother of *Edwin Drood*. They were mulattoes sent home from the East Indies, and their name was Key. But there were more

than two of them—in fact, they were quite a bunch of Keys, at least five. Of course, it was not usual to take girls at the school, but Jones was not likely to shut his eyes, not to speak of his pockets, to the fact that more jingle can be got out of a bunch than out of Keys solitary. One of the boys came in for a good deal of scourging from the master, which was natural when you come to think of it, for if a poor pedagogue, with a healthy desire for exercise, can't whack a low-down colored boy, with parents so far off that they scarcely count at all, what can he do, we should like to know?

Another Dickens prototype may be claimed, I fancy, perhaps more important than any named. Surely the novelist was at school with Mr. Toots.

Not the full-blown Toots, of course, as we know him in *Dombey*, but the basis or germ Toots on which the character was founded. This basis Toots one feels sure was identical with the original of the boy called Dumbleton in *Our School*.

Dumbleton is described as "idiotic," while Toots we know had "the shrillest of minds." Dumbleton has "a big head"; while Toots's head is "excessively large." Dumbleton is "usually called 'Mr.' by the Chief": half the joke about Toots is that he is always "Mr."; Dickens never brings himself to divulge his Christian name. Was it Phillip, or Peter, or Percy, think you? All we know is it began with a P. Dumbleton "was put into no form or class, but learnt alone." Toots is presented to us as pursuing "his own course of study." The leading material fact about Dumbleton was his wealth, to which a certain degree of mystery attached: Mr. Toots's "property" bulks large in our ideas of him, but the source and extent of it remain very vague and shadowy. Dumbleton is described as having "half-crowns without end": Toots is shown outside

Dr. Blimber's door "counting his half-crowns." Dark coincidences, as Mrs. Wilfer would say, to say the least of it.

Of course there was Jones, and Jones was calculated to be a bit of a nuisance to any rightly constituted lad. A head master, even when not a bully, is scarcely to be ignored, however bright and free the spirit of the soaring human boy may be. And Jones was undoubtedly a Tartar. Apart from ruling copybooks, and hearing the lessons of the lowest class, thereby stamping himself in the eyes of his pupils as an undoubted ignoramus, he charged himself chiefly with the discipline of the school. Still, Charles under him was not exactly on a par with David under Creakle. Instead of the master being an oppression on his young life, one doubts if he was much more than an ugly and half comical fact looming on the Dickens horizon. One is pleased to fancy that the boy escaped the full force of his severity.

Poor blundering old Jones, incapable and incompetent in all the best that pertains to the art of the teacher, he was paramount in its lowest branch, the wielding of the cane. Blunt instrument as he was for forming the mind of youth, there was still this sort of use in him. Like a razor that refuses to shave, he could still cut. And cut he did at his pupils with all the relish of a man who knew in his heart that in the mere overawing of boys he had found his *métier*. It is not that he was a brute exactly. That youth could only be purged of its natural depravity by scourging, that boys were wild young animals who had to be restrained with a firm hand, and pounced at, and morally sat upon, at every turn and twist of their existence, and that here he was a man ordained by Providence for such work, were doubtless among his most sacred and cherished beliefs. That his zeal carried him to undue lengths at times he

was probably well aware, and he was astute enough to temper his slashing with a nice discrimination between boys with parents a long way off, and boys with parents near at hand. Many of the day scholars, it is affirmed, never felt the weight of his arm at all; in all cases they would seem to have got off far more lightly than the boarders. So perhaps Dickens escaped the cane entirely, or if he did fall in for some share of it, may be it was only the trifling amount that helps to create that pleasant understanding between master and pupil that is so desirable.

"Jones and the cane seemed inseparable," wrote one old pupil of his, Mr. John Leighton, F.S.A., and "he had an undoubted love of the cane, which he used sometimes too severely for very slight offences," wrote another, Mr. Edwin Dunkin, F.R.S. Dickens, describing him as Creakle, said, "I should think there never can have been a man who enjoyed his profession more than Mr. Creakle did. He had a delight at cutting at the boys, which was like the satisfaction of a craving appetite. I am confident that he couldn't resist a chubby boy, especially; that there was fascination in such a subject, which made him restless in his mind until he had scored and marked him for the day." Jones in real life he spoke of as "by far the most ignorant man I have ever had the pleasure to know; one of the worst-tempered men perhaps that ever lived, whose business it was to make as much out of us and put as little into us as possible." From Mr. Leighton, who was a pupil at the school at a later period than Dickens, we glean some further particulars: "His heavy tread and rolling sway asserted his presence, which was enhanced by an improved 'a-hem!' and by a slash here and there, as it appeared to me indiscriminately, all boys upon his line of route drawing well within their forms,

that he made resound again and again. Tradition told of horsing and birching, though I never saw the operation performed. I remember a slight and amiable brother being whipped, a fellow having informed the pedagogue that young Leighton had called him 'Bunny Old Jones, who broke his bones tumbling over the tombstones.' Could the Bunny have offended as indicative of Welsh rabbit, for Jones was a Welshman?"

Jones could make himself pleasant enough to the mammas, and he took particular care in their presence, Mr. Leighton informs us "to stroke our heads, and to call us his dear boys." Vacation visits by him seem to have been rather events: these were always made in a hackney coach, with a yellow body "decorated with all the mantlings and blazonry of a defunct duke," and drawn by "the very scaffoldings of horses." Getting away from a house was rather a job, for what with Jones being portly, and there being several steps to the coach, and the body of it swinging when he mounted, and the handle of the door being a difficult one and requiring a lot of screwing up, and the many-caped Jarvey probably being none too quick on his pins in remounting the box, and arranging the hammer-cloth, and whipping up his fiery, untamed steeds, who were probably quite content to remain where they were for the rest of their lives, the process must have lasted some minutes. All the more time for smiling adieux and pleasant waves of the hand. What a nice man, Mr. Jones! So chatty and agreeable. That man hard on boys! What will people say next, I wonder!

Let us be fair to Jones. He was a stamp of master now, thank heaven, utterly passed away, but he was probably neither better nor worse than many others. New ideas of education were no doubt slowly gaining ground, ten-

derer treatment of boys than was formerly the case was coming to be thought desirable; but, one fancies, in this respect, masters, generally speaking, for many years remained a perversely conservative crew. One remembers, for example, the disciplinarian depicted in the pages of *Marryat*, who made a virtue of the fact that he didn't birch, but forgot to mention that he did *can*, and pretty soundly too. Dickens probably intensified Jones's portrait a trifle in *David Copperfield*. One cannot imagine any old pupils of such a man as Creakle caring to attend his funeral, but when Jones died old boys of the school were not wanting at his graveside.

He was buried in what is to-day a sort of pleasant garden of tombstones, Old Saint Pancras Churchyard. One doesn't refer so much to the actual tombs as to the hundreds of derelict head-stones ornamenting the place like flowers in beds and borders. In one small, round plot is to be seen a tasteful group of these that does great credit to the gardener. There are in this one group no less than 344 in number, and are all taken from that portion of the churchyard that now forms part of the Midland Railway. The symmetry of the mass, which has all the effect of a gigantic nosegay, is pleasing to the eye, and should have a mingled chastening and cheerful influence—if such a thing is possible—on the gutter children who sport here gaily in the summer time.

Jones's stone seems to be one of these derelicts, but is not hidden in a mass. It is to be seen, for the most part, plainly enough, and forms one of a very neat running border of hardy headstones that lines the bed at the south end of the garden, and is the fourth from the end above the St. Pancras Road. Curious to think, if it originally stood where the engines now puff up and down, how that monster,

the Railway, not satisfied with helping to ruin this poor man in life, still pursued him in death!

The inscription on the stone reads as follows:—"Sacred to the memory of Mr. William Jones, for many years Master of a respectable school in this parish, who departed this Life on the 20th day of January, 1836, Aged 50 years. The inflexible integrity of his Character, and the social and domestic Virtues which adorned his private Life, will long be Cherished in the recollections of all those who knew him."

Jones did not fail to be proud of Dickens when the fame of the novelist was the rage of the town. Had not Boz been one of his "dear boys"? Had not he himself helped to rear the Dickens repute? Doubtless he came to think that Wellington House Academy was, in a sort of way, largely responsible for *Pickwick*. May be it was well for his equanimity of mind that he died before being able to make acquaintance with Mr. Wackford Squeers. But perhaps not. Very likely he would have commended Boz for the portrait, and waxed mightily moral over "those scoundrels," the Yorkshire Schoolmasters. Of course, if he had lived to know Creakle—

Just as Creakle turned up again in the life of David, so Jones turned up again in Dickens's life, but probably in a more direct manner. Dickens was enabled to do him a service of some sort.

A gray day declines towards darkness, and the old house looms in view like a shadowy presence from the past. It is in tune with decline, and grayness, and gloom. First drooping when the Railway came and blighted its career, depression must have seized it for its own when it came to lose the names that identified it. Years ago, the block, of which it is the corner

house, was called Mornington Place, which had quite an aristocratic sound. Think of it! Wellington House! Mornington Place! And now a common number of the Hampstead Road. *Ehew! fugaces—*

The time will come, and perhaps swiftly, when we shall know it no more; limbo will overtake it as it did the schoolroom, and the garden, and the playground long ago. In the last, by the way, Dickens had no doubt plenty of fun: it was not large, but ample for toy games; in form somewhat that of a large letter L the angle of which ran to Mornington Crescent. Pear trees there were a few in it that were reputed to supply a plethora of pear ples to the parlor boarders. Now the trains pass some thirty feet below the site of it. Does the spirit of a restless Jones ever come and shake his fist at them?

They—the trains, shoot out gally from the tunnel here, with clear ideas as to Birmingham and the north, and nothing else, thank you, or they shoot in gally, eager and panting to get into
The Dickensian.

Euston, and passengers are probably either putting heavy packages in the rack that they hope to goodness will stop there and behave, or else they are hauling them down in an absurd hurry and nursing them like refractory babies that won't be good otherwise; and whether so, or merely sitting at ease, they have no more thought for poor Jones and his school than if they had never existed. But to the Dickensian who lingers above the cutting here—say, on a dismal afternoon with the light falling, such as this is—the screech of a passing engine will at length, if he have the right sort of feeling for the past, reveal a queer, impish sort of far-away echo. It is caught as a faint, faint, oh, so faint, ringing in the ears, and it springs in a ghostly manner from a depth of time. And the Dickensian will know it for that curious noise that is the concentrated essence of boydom, a whole school at play together and shouting in a small space. So let him go home and be happy, and read his Dickens.

Willoughby Matchett.

FANCY FARM.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The hunter ran his quarry down that afternoon in the heart of a wood which has known that kind of chase since ever its trees were old enough to keep a secret, and will doubtless lend its privacy to the ancient sport so long as there are lads and lasses left in Schawfield, while back gates of the village lead to it, and the glades entice, and the howlets keep their counsel as to what the answer is when they cry "Who? Who?" No storm would ever spoil Strongarra wood for lovers: let the silly young pines come down in

squadrons elsewhere, the oaks stand fast in old Strongarra—ah, the old rogue oaks! the sly old wrinkled fathers shaking with pagan fun!—and the foggy paths which intersect it, a monument to the spendthrift days of William Schaw, will never have any obstacle to the feet of young romance.

It was not romance, either young or old, that took Sir Andrew there, but a resolution forced on him by events as ludicrously unromantic as if they had been planned by some malign and mocking providence. When he let

himself reflect upon them, even he was bound to realize that the thing he contemplated was in keeping with the spirit of the joke wherewith the drama opened on the curling-pond a year ago. A proper culmination to a prank that now seemed childish! He could only face it smiling, like a man, as he had done before when his impetuosity had brought Jean Jardine home from India to stagger him with dismay. But then, the issues were not so complicated; duty presented no alternatives.

A while before he had got back from Mr. Birrell's office, Norah having paid a hurried visit to the tenements to assure herself that no one was the worse for Pen's withdrawal, was returning through the avenue, when she saw her friend at a distance crossing the fields in the direction of the lower of the hunting-roads that wound themselves about Strongarra. Pen's obvious haste amused her: had she not been aware that the wood was the winter substitute for the moor where Pen so often betook herself in summer on her solitary rides, she would have thought the signs propitious to Reggy Maurice, who had, earlier in the day, displayed a flagrant craft in vain attempts to see the lady by herself. But Maurice was not in the wood, a trysted knight expectant; across the lawn she could hear him playing the piano in the house—perhaps another artifice to gain his purpose, for Pen was always ready to be lured by music.

Aunt Amelia stood in the veranda, looking worried. The irritation that had mastered her all the morning since the shouts of Reggy Maurice woke her from her dreams appeared to have reached a fever height, for her cheeks were patched with crimson and her manner was a little incoherent.

"Have you seen that girl?" she asked irascibly, looking round the garden. Norah discerned symptoms of

an outbreak she had feared for several days.

"Pen, you mean? She's gone across the fields to the hunting-roads. And she seems in a dreadful hurry.

"Flurry," said Miss Amelia. "I have no patience with such a spitfire! For all that I said to her!"

"What did you say to her?" asked Norah anxiously. Affairs were at that juncture where an injudicious word from her aunt might have the most unhappy consequences.

Her fears were justified: Miss Amelia rambled into a petulant explanation that she had in the friendliest spirit taken it on herself to warn Penelope that a certain circumspection was expected from a person in her position in the household.

Norah pressed for more details, with a sinking at her heart.

"Her manner to Mr. Maurice!" said her aunt significantly. "I think you must be blind! Or you haven't any natural feelings. Don't you see the way she looks at him! She went back to her room this morning for his book for nothing else than for effect, and I told her so. A bold, designing girl! Still, I had no desire to hurt her feelings; I like her well enough; and all I meant was for her good. But she flared up at once, and told me she would leave the house immediately. 'I'll leave to-morrow,' she said, as if she were a kitchen-maid, and dashed away before I could say another word to her. . . . And now I wish I hadn't spoken," she concluded, nervously repentant.

"Indeed I wish you hadn't!" said her niece, appalled at this latest wound to her friend's susceptibilities.

She hurried in to Maurice, who stopped his playing at the sound of her entry, turning round with eager expectation. "No, Reggy, it's only me," she said to him. "You're sitting fiddling while Rome is burning. Take my ad-

vice and find yourself at the earliest possible moment walking along the lower hunting-road."

A moment later he was off in Pen's pursuit.

She went to the garden foot to watch him cross the fields. There had come to the world an hour pacific: after the night-long roaring of the tempest, nature's silence seemed oppressive, for the sense of hearing still was strained in expectation. Blue scraps of sky were showing through the rifts of clouds that hardly moved, but yet at every upward glance displayed Protean changes. The wearied landscape slept. Her heart was sore for Pen's distress, but she could not help a smile at the way in which her umquihle poet the shipbuilder hurried across the grass as if it were without his own volition, neither poet nor builder now, but a man submissive to the destiny of men. She thought of his new importance to the world; of the distant shipyards clamorous with labor and engaged with mighty interests, and she smiled to see the man who should be there plunge like a faun through rushes, chasing the dryad of the wood, responsive to the law of nature that has no regard for human dignity nor a sense of humor. He broke impetuously through the hedges, leaped the ditches, plunged into the forest.

A curious feeling came to her. It seemed to her then as if her friend and her pursuer had become immortal, having passed from a world of doubt and conflict into some enchanted realm of certainty and single purpose, to emerge no more, but wander for ever on mossy paths below the oaks entranced. Some withered leaves, blown from the hedge beside her by a flaw of wind, came rustling to her feet with a motion as of life, like little frightened things; the universe, outside the wood, appeared exceeding huge and purposeless and cold; she felt forlorn.

Suddenly there was a sound behind her, footsteps on the gravel; she turned to see Sir Andrew come from the front of the house with a haste precipitate as Maurice's: he, too, had come home to learn from Aunt Amella of her officious intervention, and was furious.

"Have you heard of this latest outrage?" he inquired, and needed no other answer than the perturbation of her face.

"Where has she gone, do you know?" he asked, with his vision ranging over all the fields.

"I saw her go into the wood a while ago," said Norah.

"By which of the roads?" he asked abruptly, not looking at her.

She hesitated for a moment. "By the upper road," she answered weakly.

Without another word he left her, and quite as resolute as Maurice, though with more deliberation, cut across the fields. She watched him, too, but not amused; aghast, indeed, at the facility with which, on an impulse not of her better self, she had deceived him. Remorse inflamed her; she was ashamed to her finger-tips. When he reached the wood and disappeared, he seemed to violate a sanctuary; externally it looked the same as ever, but it had become the haunt of warring passions.

With a half-formed notion that the forest's sanctity must be preserved, and partly a wish to correct the error of her guidance, as if a falsehood could be turned to truth by immediate retraction, she tore into the house and hurriedly assumed her cloak and hat to follow him. Her dog came barking at her heels as if conscious of the chase. She ran across the fields more urgently than Maurice; when she reached the entrance to the hunting-road she cried her cousin's name. Her voice resounded through the verges of the forest, appealing, clarion-clear; but

the only answer was from echoes. The road rose steeply through the wood: she had climbed it a thousand times as lightly as the roe, but that was without this pack of cares. Expecting to come in sight of him at every turning, at every turning she was disappointed; it seemed as if by some enchantment of the place he had vanished. She cried no longer—climbed more slowly, gave herself to a mood of wonder and expectancy. No birds were to be heard, no brute was stirring in the undergrowth; it seemed as the stillness of the wood had never been disturbed or never would be broken any more. She felt aloof from all the noisy interests of mankind and heard her own heart beat.

Where the road bent back upon itself the easier to reach Strongarra's top, she saw him first standing above her on the upper level. He had not seen her. He stood as in a listening attitude, staring through the trees. Not a stone-throw of distance separated them; had he lowered his glance a little he would have seen her there, immediately, but his search swept over her, in among the thick growth lower on the hill.

"Andy!" she cried, and hurried round the bend to where he waited for her. It might have been herself he had been hunting, by his aspect of relief.

"You haven't seen her?" she asked him, breathing fast.

"No," he answered, looking at her strangely.

"I'm sorry that I misled you about the road she took," she exclaimed. "Pen took the lower road, as she always does. I deceived you wilfully."

"Wilfully," he repeated, with surprise. "I don't understand."

She turned her profile to him and stood in an attitude of guilt. "I didn't want you to make Pen's position more awkward than it is," she said. "There are small untruths that are surely jus-

tified if life is to be tolerable at all."

"You Jesuit!" he exclaimed, but with a smile. "I should like to hear you make such a plea with Pen."

"I know," she answered, "But I'm only an imperfect woman. I would be a better one if I could. I'll be a better one—to-morrow."

She was flushed with the haste of her pursuit of him; there was a flutter in her breast; her eyes were large and anxious. Into her voice had come a quality he had never perceived in it before—a softening, a sweetening, an intoxicating tone of confidence and dependence. She put up a nervous hand to replace a strand of her hair whose mutiny he now discerned as something that had interested him since ever she was a girl without his realizing it, and she looked at him with unfamiliar shyness, then hastily turned away.

She walked as if regardless whether he followed her or not, along the path that narrowed as it bent about a granite scaur to be seen from Fancy Farm in the sunny blinks of rainy days like a wall of marble, and he came behind her, compassing her figure with his glance, perplexed by something in her manner. Her dog ran on ahead, questing among tufts of bleached long grass with which the Schawfield folk made up their beds in spring.

Suddenly she stopped for a second, withdrew as it were in alarm from the ledge to which the path diminished, wheeled round, and retraced her steps.

"Let us go back," she said. "After all, you can see Pen any time."

"I never wanted to see her less than at this moment," he exclaimed, and walked obediently beside her.

But when they had got down the path a little way he observed that the dog had not turned back with her. He stopped and whistled.

"Never mind! He will follow us by-and-by," said Norah quickly.

"I'll find him," he said, relieved by the opportunity of doing anything to break a spell that seemed to have fallen on them, and hastily returned to the spot where the dog had left her.

"Come back!" she cried, peremptorily, but he paid no heed, and a moment later she saw him pause abruptly.

From the point where he stood—where she had so suddenly paused and turned—he could see a stretch of the lower road. The dog was dashing down the slope pursuing rabbits, but his interest in the dog was lost immediately by reason of a spectacle revealed between the opening in the trees.

He stared incredulously: Pen was standing in the arms of Maurice!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Only for a second he gazed with a startled eye, doubtful of the scene that he beheld or of the pair's identity; but of that there was no misake. They stood on the road, surrounded by the trees, confident of its privacy, and oblivious that any part of the higher path could overlook them. Chance had made him witness of the very climax of the joke he had himself originated, and at the same time made the purpose of his chase ridiculous. He felt immense relief, to be followed instantly by bewildering thoughts of what this meant for Norah. The abruptness of her turning back was now accounted for; she had seen what he had seen, and yet she had said nothing—shown neither grief nor indignation.

Or, on second thoughts, had she really seen? With the dog at his heels he rejoined her quickly, holding himself composed, intending to keep silence. Sooner or later she must know of Maurice's disloyalty, but it would not be from him.

No, she had not seen,—the glance with which she met him when he

joined her seemed conclusive: she was undisturbed; she had regained her old serenity.

She chided the dog that gambolled round her, quite unconscious that it had a vital part in the comedy of mankind: they went down the road together.

The wind, that had scarcely rustled the sheltering hedges of Fancy Farm, had risen a little, or was more apparent on those higher levels. It filled the wood with rumors; all the trees communed in their lofty tops. There were murmurs in the undergrowth and whispers in the dry bog grass. The trunks of the oaks, the gnarled old rogues, maintained their attitude of motionless indifference, having seen so much of the ways of hart and hind and men and women; the innuendo was all on the part of their giddy branches.

"We were talking about perfection," he remarked. "Do you know, I have discovered that while I'm always fascinated by perfection as a goal, as an ideal, I prefer the imperfect for everyday use."

Norah smiled. She could long ago have told him that. There was never a man on earth who better loved the broken melody, the column incomplete, the first rough sketches. His family motto, *Non inferiora secutus*, was a motto that for him referred to incorporeal things.

"There is no perfection," he proceeded, "and a good thing too! The dream of it compels us always to be striving forward, like the donkey with a carrot hung before his nose."

"It is the imperfections of our friends that make them tolerable—unless we are monsters of righteousness ourselves," said Norah. "I think you told me that yourself, a year ago, with a good deal of inconsistency, considering that what you wanted was a perfect Pen."

"Quite so!" he agreed. "I overlooked the fact that I wasn't worthy of a perfect Pen or perfect anybody else. But even Pen is incapable of perfection: I can't say yet whether I'm glad or sorry to find that out."

"I have yet to discover any weakness in her," answered Norah, generously warm.

He glanced from the corners of his eyes at her with pity, thinking of what he had seen. "I have thought of late," he said, "that she was hardly loyal to yourself."

She stopped immediately and faced him with a penetrating scrutiny. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "you saw them up there, then, when you turned?"

"Good heavens!" he cried, "did you?"

She nodded, smiling and confused.

"I'm sorry," he said with genuine feeling.

"Why?" she asked him.

"Maurice——" he stammered, and she laughed.

"Exactly! It was I who sent him along that low road after her. The penetration of the surviving Schaws appears to be confined to Aunt Amelia. What do you fancy Maurice came back to Schawfield for, leaving his darling shipyard?"

He took off his hat and ran his fingers through his hair, bewildered; his eyebrows almost met. "Am I to understand," he asked, "that everything is over between you and Maurice?"

"Maurice and I are friends, as we have always been, and nothing more," she answered hurriedly. "How often have I tried to make you understand?"

"My dear, you let me assume——"

"My dear, I let you assume! It was you—or Jean, who first suggested, in so many words, that I was in love with Reggy, and all I did was not to contradict you. In any case it takes two to come to an understanding, and you might have seen that Reggy never had

more than a philanderer's interest in me. Had there been the slightest danger of his feelings being more ardent he should not have been so often here."

"But why——?" said Captain Cutlass.

She would not stop to listen, but hurried down the path.

"Why did you let me think——?" he persisted, keeping step with her.

Still she was silent. Strongarra was full of merriment, derisive glee. Waggish life was in the underwood, the hazel bushes shook as in hilarity. Something of the antic mood of the wood was in her mind; she was afraid of his questioning, she was tingling with expectation, but also she was amused as she had been amused to witness Maurice running across the fields; men were all in some respects like one another. It seemed to her that the underwoods knew what he was blind to,—that the very oaks, the ancient ones, with difficulty kept themselves from mocking; she grew shy of those old rogues.

If she had come up the hill with a pack of cares she went down it as if her footstep could not bruise the moss. He looked at her sideways with delight, as if he had never seen her hitherto, released himself of those constraints imposed on him so long by his delusion, and saw her frankly with a lover's eye.

"Stop!" he said, with a hand upon her shoulder. She faced him shyly, all her amusement gone.

"I come back again to my whim," said he. "That vision of perfection. You remember the qualities I wanted—an exceedingly fastidious and exigent gentleman! There was that in Pen that seemed to make a good beginning, she was in so many respects like you. I thought I wanted a new creation, and all the time I find I was thinking of a duplicate. The more she became like you the more I liked

her. Could she have been exactly you, I would have loved her."

"Oh, Andy, Andy!" she exclaimed. "You are as circumlocutory as Reggy Maurice. I had to tell him that the ploughman has a better way of putting things at times than the poet has."

He looked vexed. "Then Maurice—?"

She broke in hurriedly: "No, no, not to me. Let us have no more misunderstandings. He was trying to make Pen see that he wanted her, and he did the thing so stupidly that she thought he referred to me."

He still had a hand on her shoulder, gripping now so tightly that it pained, but she bore it without complaint. He caught her other shoulder and looked into unflinching eyes, profound as wells, but only for a moment: her lashes fell to keep the deeps of passion from his scrutiny.

"Oh, Norah!" he said—"Lord! the very name is like a song! and I've been making a fool of myself as usual. If I knew you loved me, I swear you have seen the last of my caprices."

"I hope not," she replied. "Without an odd vagary at times you would not be Andy Schaw. What else should I love you for?"

He drew her to his arms and kissed her. For a moment she stood in his embrace, and then released herself, shy of the espionage of those sly old trees that were looking over his shoulder.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"You kissed me last on my eighteenth birthday," she faltered, as it seemed irrelevantly. "When my nineteenth came and you stopped the practice, I was sorry that I was growing old."

"I remember," he exclaimed.

"Yes, you remember, when I tell you," she replied; "but I was different, I never forgot!"

"I feel," said he, "like a man that has been dragged from the brink of a precipice. Do you know what I contemplated?"

She nodded. "It was because I knew that I sent you the wrong road. You see I have lost all shame, now that I am confident."

"But yet I want to know," said he, "why you let me think so long that you were in love with Maurice."

She bit her nether lip. "If you can't guess that," she said, "I'll never tell you." And whether he guessed or not, he asked no more.

The wind grew fresher in the forest's privacy. The tree-tops hummed more loudly; surviving little trees in a patch of coppice that had seen the coquetry of young folk peeling bark in summer, nudged when they remembered. And when the two were gone, and the kissing wicket clashed behind them, Strongarra gave itself to merriment from end to end.

THE END.

PRIAM'S CELLARS.

Priam's Cellars lie by the harbor-side over against Troy Town, as is meet and proper: nor was their name invented by me—you may find it on the Admiralty charts. But as there are, or have been, Troys and Troys, so the

Priam here commemorated is not he whom Neoptolemus slew. Indeed, there are found folk—one would like to hand them over to Mr. Andrew Lang—who spell my Priam's name "Prime," or "Old Prime," and insist

that he derived it from the quality of the beer he brewed here and purveyed. He is dead and gone, anyhow, these many years; and the alehouse he kept open for seamen is now a store for dunnage-wood, a ruin almost, upon a dilapidated quay.

It must have been, as Mr. W. Bones described the "Admiral Benbow," "a pleasant sittayted grog-shop"; but ticklish of access, and (one may surmise) even more ticklish for the retreating guest. A steep cliff backs it; cliff, with a foreshore of rock and slippery weed, closes it in upon either hand; no road leads to it, nor even a footpath. In short, it can only be reached by boat; and of this no doubt Mr. Priam, or Prime, took account when he brewed.

From the cliff overhanging the rear of the cellars a wilderness climbs the hillside, terrace by terrace; based with a line of sizeable trees that droop their boughs to the high tides, and mounting through orchards of apple, pear, plum, cherry, and thickets of hawthorn, blackthorn, spindlewood, elder, to a high amphitheatre which is all gorse and bracken, with here and there a holly or an ilex standing up from the undergrowth. The fruit trees are decrepit, twisted with age or by the climbing ivy. The cherries have reverted to savagery, and serve only to make a pretty show of blossom in April. No one knows when they were planted for human delight; but planted they once were, and for that purpose; for my wilderness six hundred years ago for certain—and possibly seven or eight hundred years ago—was a terraced garden, pleasance of the great house that stood where now stands the farmstead of Hall, a little beyond the brow of the hill.

Listen; for this, if you please, is history. Some time in the reign of King Edward II. there sailed into the harbor below a young knight, Sir Reg-

inald de Mohun by name, with a company of soldiers drafted for Ireland—our port being in those days a frequent rendezvous for the Irish wars. Now either the expedition was held windbound, or some units were late in arriving: at all events young Sir Reginald, being detained here, landed one day to kill time, and let fly his hawk at some game. Hawk and quarry fell together into this garden, then owned by Sir John FitzWilliam of Hall, who held 20*l.* per annum of land of King Edward with "summons to attend the King in parts beyond the sea," as his ancestors had held it since the Conquest. But he had no sons. His sole heir was his daughter Elizabeth. As she wandered in her garden, young Mohun burst in hot-foot to reclaim his hawk, and came face to face with her; "and," concludes the chronicle, "being a very handsome personable young gentleman, qualities which his descendants retained to the last, the young lady fell in love with him: and, having a great fortune, the match was soon made up between them by the consent of their friends on both sides."

This Reginald de Mohun was the fourth or fifth son of John de Mohun, Lord of Dunster, in Somerset; and the Mohuns of Dunster had been great folk since the Conquest, and before. "Be it known," says Leland, "that in the year of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ one thousand and sixty-six, on Saturday the feast of St. Calixtus, came William the Bastard, Duke of Normandy, cousin of the noble King St. Edward, the son of Emma of England, and killed King Harold, and took away the land from him by the aid of the Normans and other men of divers lands; among whom came with him Sir William de Molon the old, the most noble of all the host." Leland must have copied some flattering document. Molon or Mohun was no more noble and no more powerful than Mowbray

or Marmion, Bigot or Mortimer, or Montfichet or Lacy or Courcy. Still, he was noble and powerful enough.

Le viel William de Mohun
Ont avec li maint compaignon

—and he became Sheriff of Somersetshire, and one of the wealthiest landowners in the West of England. The Empress Matilda made his son Earl of Somerset, a title which subsequent Mohuns could not get confirmed until a great-great-grandson, "a man of singular gentleness and piety," recovered it in a highly romantic manner.

"When Sir Reginald saw that done" (that being the dedication of a Cistercian Abbey he had built at Newenham, on the borders of Devon and Somerset), "he passed to the Court of Rome, which was then at Lyons, to confirm and ratify his new Abbey to his great honor for ever; and he was at the Court in Lent, when they sing the office of the Mass *Lactare Jerusalem*, on which day the custom of the Court is that the Apostle (the Pope, to wit) gives to the most valiant and the most honorable man who can be found at the said Court a rose or flower of fine gold. They therefore searched the whole Court, and found this Reginald to be the most noble; and to him Pope Innocent gave this rose or flower of gold, and the Pope asked him what manner of man he was in his own country. He answered, 'A plain knight bachelor.' 'Fair son,' said the Pope, 'this rose or flower has never been given save to Kings or to Dukes or to Earls; therefore we will that you shall be Earl of Este'; that is, of Somerset. Reginald answered and said 'O Holy Father, I have not wherewithal to maintain the title.' The Apostle therefore gave him two hundred marks a year, to be received at the Choir of St. Paul's, in London, out of the pence¹ of England, to maintain his po-

¹ Peter's pence.

sition." So Sir Reginald returned home with the Papal bulls confirming his title, his pension, and his new Abbey, and henceforward the sleeved hand which he bore on his coat-of-arms (*gules, a manche argent*) is depicted with Pope Innocent's flower in its grasp.

You perceive, then, that this other Sir Reginald, whom we have left an unconscionable while face to face with Elizabeth FitzWilliam in the garden, was scion of a very noble stock indeed. For a generation or two the Dunster house continued to increase in dignities. One of its daughters married a prince of the blood royal. The last of its sons won special favor in Court and camp, Edward III. including him among the twenty-five original Knights of the Garter, and the Black Prince presenting him with a war horse, Grizel Gris by name. But he died without male issue, and his widow, Joan de Burghersh, promptly sold the barony of Dunster, lock, stock and barrel, to pass after her death to the Lady Elizabeth Luttrell. Five hundred marks (33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, a large enough sum in those days) was the price paid for the succession: and since the Lady Joan lived for thirty years after the bargain, in one sense she had the better of it. But the Luttrells have made up for that trifling delay by holding Dunster Castle ever since!

Meanwhile our Reginald and Elizabeth had married and settled in the old FitzWilliam house of Hall, here in the parish of Lanteglos-by-Troy; and they and their children and children's children "cultivated their garden," which is the very garden I am inviting you to view. In Elizabeth's times these Mohuns of Hall became important, and built themselves a fine house, shaped like an E in compliment to the Virgin Queen. In 1602 Sir Reginald Mohun, Kt., attained to the dignity of baronet, and thirty years later (in the fourth

of Charles I.) his son, Sir John, was created Lord Mohun of Okehampton. A brass upon the tomb of one of his ancestors, in Lanteglos Church, read him the moral, *Provideant cuncti, sic transit gloria mundi*—"Take warning all, that so passes this world's glory." But the new peer ignored this in choosing his motto, *Generis revocamus honores*.

This Lord Mohun was one of Charles' commanders in the West during the Civil War, albeit Clarendon (who plainly disliked him) hints that it was touch-and-go which caused he should embrace. Clarendon further tells us, in that urbane way of his, that the appointment caused some indignation, because the Lord Mohun "had not the good fortune to be very gracious in his own country." At all events, he quitted himself well in the victory of Stamford Hill by Stratton, and, in the later campaign of the West which ended in Essex surrendering an army, entertained His Majesty at his new house of Boconnoc, some few miles to the northward of the old family seat. "From thence," I quote from a rough diary kept by one Richard Symonds, a Royalist lieutenant, "Satterday, 17 Aug. 1644, his Majestie went to Lanteglos, to the manor house belonging to the Lord Mohun just over against Troye, where his royall person ventred to goe into a walke there which is within halfe musket-shott from Troye, where a poore fisherman was killed in looking over at the same time that his Majestie was in the walke, and in the place where the King a little afore passed by." This walk runs just above our garden, and last year in digging we happened upon a round shot of the period.

I fancy that Clarendon was not alone in misliking Lord Mohun, and that the race had already developed some of those unamiable qualities which culminated in Charles, the

fourth and last baron—"bloody Mohun," the villain of Thackeray's "Esmond." For his career and the fatal duel with the Duke of Hamilton you are referred to the pages of that immortal novel. He was a bad man, and his wife no better a woman; who, when his body came home, swore at the bearers for making a nasty mess of her clean linen sheets. So he perished and went to his place: but I have sometimes amused myself with picturing the man on one of his frequent visits to the family estate, loling in the great Mohun pew—"a blustering dissipated human figure," as Carlyle would put it, "with a kind of black-guard quality air," the cynosure of a congregation of rustics, his bored gaze conning a spot of red in the eastern window of the south aisle, where on a shield *gules* a sleeved hand kept its hold on Pope Innocent's rose.

He died without heir, and his estates—or so much of them as had escaped the gaming table—were dispersed; the great new house where his grandfather had entertained King Charles going to Governor Pitt, who bought it with the proceeds of the famous Pitt diamond. (That is another story, as Mr. Kipling used to say: but you begin to feel the sense of history that pervades my small wilderness.) The old house of Hall, being sold with the rest, gradually declined to a farmhouse, and its private chapel to a cow-hyre, where to-day you may see the cattle munching turnips under a corbelled roof. As for the terraced garden, I have not been able to follow its vicissitudes of fortune, but imagine that the inhabitants of Hall—now "Hall Farm"—either themselves tilled it neglectfully or let it out in patches to their laborers. By the date of my own recollections it had passed into the tenancy of one man, and was known as "Little Tonkin's Garden."

The tragedy of Little Tonkin's Gar-

den has haunted its way through more than one story of mine. I can just remember the man as hale and hearty, a demon to work, bald-faced, diminutive of stature, a friend of all and respected by all. He "never spoke out of his turn," as they say; but would return your greeting heartily, even extra-heartily, in a high-pitched voice that shook with good feeling. Of what that voice was capable the whole town learned from time to time, usually of a Sunday evening, when from his side of the harbor, where he dwelt with an invalid wife and her sister, Miss C—, in a cottage by the quay, he spied the crew of a foreign vessel raiding his strawberries or green peas or apples. The voice he would uplift then, and continue at topmost pitch while pressing across the water in a boat, had to be heard to be believed. For, apart from the care lavished on his bed-ridden wife—his "bed-rider," as he called her—the garden claimed all his waking thoughts. And the strawberries he grew there! and the apples! and the grapes and the peaches!

Namque sub Oeballae memini me tur-
ribus altis
Qua niger umectat flaventia culta
Galaesus
Corycium vidisse senem—

For once beneath Oebalia's skyey
tow'rs,
Where black through yellowing wheat
Galaesus pours,
I mind an old Corycian swain I found,
Lord of some starveling acres—hope-
less ground
For grazing, harvestless of grain, for
grape
Ill aspected. Yet 'mid the briers he'd
scrape
For kale and herbs, scant poppies,
lilies white,
Blithe as a king! and, shouldering home
at night,
Shoot down an unbought banquet on
the board.

Him first would Spring her rose, him
first afford
Autumn her apples. Winter next un-
kind
Might split the rock with ice, the
streamlets bind,
But forth he'd chirp to crop the hya-
cinth's head,
Twitting the tardy heats, the west
wind slug a-bed.

Even such a man was Little Tonkin—the *epitheton ornans* always went with the surname. In the prime of life he had taken tenancy of this wilderness, and for years he grappled with it—hacking down undergrowth, rebuilding old terraces; digging, weeding, planting, watering; reclaiming plot after plot, winning all the while. The garden, strange to say, was waterless; or, to be accurate, it included a square yard or two of plashy soil where some ooze might be collected in a sunken bucket. Within a year or two he wore a permanent stoop from the constant haulage of water barrels and portage of manure in "maunds," or great wicker baskets, up and down the toilsome slopes.

I dare say the man himself never knew accurately when the tide turned against him and the tragedy began. One year he built himself a vinery; the next a peach-house. After this, as was meet, he took things easily for a while; yet went on enlarging his bounds. Then followed half a dozen years during which his conquests languished, paused, stood still. And then—I have often wondered at what point, in what form, the assaulted wilderness found its Joan of Arc. At all events the briers and brambles rallied somehow, stood up to him, pressed in upon him, and began slowly to drive him back. Poor Little Tonkin!

Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd
thee!

Even in the days when we children
praised his strawberries—no such

strawberries as Little Tonkin's—he was a beaten man. Year by year, on one excuse or another, an outpost, a foot or two, a rod of ground, would be surrendered and left to be reclaimed by the weeds. They were the assailants now, and they had him on the run; until there came a summer and found my friend at bay in a small patch by the vinery, with a line of last retreat barely open along a nettle-grown orchard to the peach-house, once his pride.

I may call him my friend, for in those sad latter days he came often to consult with me; not seeking help—which indeed could not have been offered without offence to his pride. I gathered that, albeit well-disposed towards everyone and living his life through among neighbors well disposed towards him, he had never found one upon whom he had cared to unburden his heart; and I think that his wife's long illness had closed that best part of married life, the sweet sharing of troubles. He could not at any rate confide in her—might not even let her suspect—the one awful shadow of his life.

She must die before him. As God was merciful that must assuredly happen! Otherwise, what in the world would become of her? . . . He could not tell if she ever thought of that; had not dared so much as to hint at it. He had spoken to her sister, Miss C—, about it, once. He confessed this, nobly reproaching himself: for Miss C—, too, would be derelict if he died, and Miss C— had on her own part (he felt sure) a horror of the workhouse. Miss C— had heartened him up; the invalid upstairs had never so much as hinted at this dreadful possibility. "Folks with ailments," said Miss C— stoically, "han't got time for supposin' this 'an' supposin' that, you may be sure. Put it that *you'd* been laid a-bed this score

o' years with a running leg! Come now, I ask you."

But I am morally sure that the invalid upstairs lay thinking about it all the time. Quite quietly she arranged matters in the end by dying just a month before her husband; and Miss C—, mercifully broken in health, by the strain of nursing the pair, retired to the infirmary, whence up to the last she sent cheerful messages to her friends; for you can use the infirmary as a place of address without loss of self-respect.

Little Tonkin's Garden went derelict again, and for a year or so remained derelict.

One day my late friend, A. D—, merchant of this town, desired to see me "to consult upon a small matter of business; which," the letter went on to say, "can better be discussed in my house than in yours." In any event, I should have gone to him, knowing that for some time he had been in indifferent health. I called accordingly, and found him in his dining-room.

Now A. D—'s dining-room window, overlooking his waterside yard, faced directly across the narrow harbor upon Little Tonkin's Garden. "I have been thinking a great deal about that garden yonder," said A. D—. "All these weeks, sitting here ill, I've found it a real delight to the eyes. A thousand pities it will be if anybody comes along and breaks it up for potatoes or strawberries." "There's no danger of that, I hope," said I. "Well, I've heard rumors," said he; "and that is why I sent for you, knowing how keen you are about everything that's beautiful in this place. Couldn't we rent it together—the rent must be a trifle—and just keep it as it is? Of course," he sighed, "I shall never be able to visit it; my heart is weak, and would never stand the climb. But you might use it as you pleased—make a playground of it for your children. I

know you would keep whatever was worth keeping, and I should have the pleasure of looking across on it. Now, I dare say," he added wistfully, "you think it doting of me to set this store on a spot just because it pleases the eye?"

But I did not: and so it was agreed that we should rent Little Tonkin's Garden together, if upon inquiry—which he promised to make—the price should prove to be moderate. A week or two later, however, he sent me another message. The rent was not worth our dividing, and he proposed (with my leave) to become sole tenant, on the understanding that "if anything happened to him" the reversion would be mine. Meanwhile I was to use the place as I chose, and at any time. I thanked him, and straightway let the small compact slip out of mind.

I forgot it even at my friend's funeral, some months later; and again, when a key was brought me (as it happened, in the midst of some public business), I put it thoughtlessly aside in a drawer. In short I had been tenant of the Garden for close upon six months, when one day, as we rowed beneath its overhanging trees, Cynthia let fall a word of regret for its unkempt condition, and for Little Tonkin and the strawberries he had grown—*mais où sont les fraises d'autan?* or words to that effect. "Heavens!" I cried, "and it belongs to me!" "What!" shouted the family, with one voice; and when I had made my halting confession, nothing would do but we must all land and explore at once. A crazy ladder, slippery with weed, its lower rungs rotted by the tides, led up alongside Priam's Cellars to good foothold on the garden; and there the brambles met us. Brambles and blackthorns—it took us that whole summer to clear paths through the undergrowth and explore our domain, which for the children was even such an enchanted tangle as held

the Sleeping Beauty; and every fresh clearing brought its joyous surprise. Here the vine, after bursting the glass-house and littering the ground with broken panes, had lifted its framework bodily and carried it to the branches of an ash some twenty paces distant, whence it dangled to wind and rain. There, stripping the ivies, we disclosed a terrace wall, with steps leading up to a bastion where a belvedere had once stood. Here—its tenement decayed and dropped like an old skirt about its feet—a peach-tree climbed the face of the rock; while then, again, over another terrace, sprawled a bush of the Seven Sisters rose, of a girth not to be compassed by us though we tried all to join hands around it. But best of all was our finding of water.

The credit of it, which is disputed by two of us, does not at any rate belong to Euergetes (I call our boatman Euergetes, because the name so differs from his real one that neither he nor his family will recognize it); and this although it was his foot that, happening to sink in a plasket among the ferns, put us on the track. When, after acclaiming the discovery, we seized the spade and pick and began to dig, Euergetes took a sardonic view of the whole business. To our enthusiasm he opposed an indifference in manner respectful enough, but deadly critical in effect; would return to the subject of water as if by an effort of memory, lost no occasion to leave us and resume his work in stripping away ivy to give the trees air and sunlight, and plainly nursed the pleasure of conveying to us at the last that we were all fools, and he, if consulted, could have told us so.

The plasket lay but a few yards from the shallow pan where Little Tonkin had collected water painfully by sinking a bucket. It lay also in a line between the pan and an outcrop of rock; towards which, after enlarging the pan to a well, and digging it out to the

depth of five feet, we led our trench. As we dug the water rose about our feet—whence oozing we could not say, for the subsoil was a gray llas, very difficult to work and apparently almost watertight. We indued sea-boots and fishermen's jumpers for the work; and I recall an afternoon when in this costume I was haled from the pit and carried off to make up the quorum of an Old Age Pensions' Committee. Before crossing on this beneficent errand, I had to stand knee-deep in the harbor tide and lave me. . . . I believe it was two days later that we tapped the living rock, and the water came with a gush (the thrill of it!) under stroke of my pick. Having cleaned out a grotto for the spring, we arched it with stones, and planted the archway cunningly so that now, after two years, roses bedrape it—Hiawatha and Lady Gay—and small ferns thrive in the crevices, the *Asplenium marinum* among others—while taller ferns crowd the dingle around, beneath the shade of two pear trees. Of the soil tossed out by our spades we built a hard plateau around a spreading hawthorn; piped the overflow of the well down-hill through a line of sunken tubs in which we planted a few of the rarer water-lilies (the tiny yellow *odorata*, with *lilicea* and the crimson *Froebellii*), and finally, with our own hands, dug out and cemented a cistern some thirty feet long on a lower terrace, where the larger white and yellow lilies already thrive. Also, we built a waterfall which in winter makes a passable show; but throughout the summer the monkey-plant chokes it and hides the rocks in a cascade of orange-scarlet. For the sake of some childish memories I thrust a few roots of this into the moist crevices, and lo! in one season it had ramped over the slope, choking the arums, the bergamot, the myosotis, and some rare Japanese irises on which my heart was set. We tear it

up by handfuls from time to time; but it has taken charge and will not be denied.

Now the rules of the garden are three, and we made them at the start:—

Rule I. We do everything with our own hands—be it forestry, masonry, carpentry, or tillage. As ours is the well and the cistern, so ours is the table beneath the hawthorn and ours are the garden-seats, whence, at luncheon or at tea in the pauses of labor, we look down on the water-lilies and the sagged roof of Priam's Cellars and the open decks of the ships that lie close below moored in tier to a great buoy—so close that one could almost jerk a biscuit over their bulwarks. They are barques for the most part; Glasgow built originally, to ply around the Horn; since, by one of the freaks of the shipping industry, sold away to Italian firms and manned by Italian crews. These crews are terrible thieves, by the way: but—

Rule II. We resolved to treat our wilderness as a wilderness, and fash ourselves over no rights of property. Decent precautions against theft we might take, and against trespass; but neither theft nor trespass should be allowed to upset our equipoise. To this resolution we have kept pretty constant; and, if they cannot quite understand us, the crews of these vessels are coming to know us. For an instance—the season before last was a great one for apples, and it occurred to us to fill a couple of maunds and carry them off to the crew of the *Nostra Signora del Rosario*, anchored below; a light-hearted crowd that, to the strains of a mandolin, had delighted us through one Sunday afternoon by their dancing. At first, as we rowed alongside, they did not understand; they waved us off; they were not buying. When, in broken English mixed up with the recollections of

Dante, I managed to convey to them that the apples were a gift for their kindly acceptance, all caps flew off. But the best happened some ten days later when, reading a book in my own garden lower down the harbor, I looked up to see an Italian barque passing seaward in charge of a tug, and dipping her flag; whereupon, dropping Calderon, I hurried to my own flagstaff and dipped the British ensign, and the *vicas* of the *Nostra Signora del Rosario* floated back to me as she met the Channel tide.

Our third rule (I maintain, a wise one) is to weep over no loss that we have planted, but simply to plant for thriving, and thereafter let each root do the best it can. For roses we use the free-growing, not to say rampant, kinds: Penzance sweet-briers, Wichurianas and the like, with such old favorites as Dundee Rambler, Carmine Pillar, the Garland. In the rock garden, one of our newer toys, the plants are hardy, as the rock is as Nature placed it, creviced it, ribbed it. *Cistus* you will find there, with *heliathemums*, heaths, foxgloves, tall daisies; creeping sedums, veronicas; pockets of purple *aubrietia*, yellow *alyssum*, white *arabis*; but none of the expensive alpine deer to amateurs. To be sure we free our fruit-trees from the strangling creepers, and trench and clean the ground for sweet-peas as for the strawberries which I dare say our children find as delectable in flavor as ever we found Little Tomkin's. But our interference with Nature does not amount to much; and all the flowers we train add but a grace to the feast of wild-flowers she spreads for us, the sheets of primroses, wild hyacinth, red robin, lady-smocks, blue scabious, succeeding the snowdrops and daffodils left by Little Tonkin for us to inherit. He lives in the garden still—

*Aestatem increpitans seram zephyr-
osque morantes—*

We are constantly happening on garden flowers—a golden or crimson primrose among the pale wild ones, a sweetwilliam standing tall and alone in the tall grass, a columbine, a Jacob's-ladder—reminders that he, gentle soul, has passed this way.

Here, then, amid all this unbought wealth, I sit—preferably by the pool whence the water trickles—and, musing on the many who have walked in this garth, under these orchard boughs, glad to

hold a green earth leased
Briefly between two shades,

break off to watch a blue-finch taking his bath, or a wren feeding her young in a cranny of the stones (having overcome her fear of me, so quiet I sit); while the rannel keeps its murmur, and still from distant parts of the garden the children's voices come borne to me. Their voices have deepened in tone, as their hands have grown stronger and more skilful with bill-hook, spade, digger, since first they ran shouting upon this undiscovered country. . . .

I remember paying a visit once to a friend—an old clergyman—in the north of Cornwall. In the twilight before dinner he took me forth to show me his garden. The flowers grew valiantly in it—as valiantly as ever; but every turn of the path, every clearing, brought me face to face with something fallen to ruin—a summer-house, a swing, an arbor collapsed among the honeysuckle. My host had his explanation for each. "Dick and Grace built this swing." "I put this up soon after we came here, when my two eldest were children." "Ruth had a fancy to sling a hammock here." "Harry made this seat as a birthday present for his mother." . . . But Harry, Dick, Ruth, Grace, and the rest had grown up years ago, and married and settled afar. Three of the boys had emigrated; three—two girls and a boy—were dead.

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest, may know

At first sight if the bird be flown:
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,

That is to him unknown.

"In last year's nests," said Don
The Cornhill Magazine.

Quixote dying. "you look not for this year's birds." So no doubt it will happen again, as it has happened often before, in Little Tonkin's Garden. But meantime the afternoon sun is warm. I shall have had my day.

Q.

HOW THE PEERAGE FELL.

It has been more like a bull-fight than anything else, or perhaps the bull-baiting, almost to the death, which went on in England in days of old. For the Peerage is not quite dead, but sore stricken, robbed of its high functions, propped up and left standing to flatter the fools and the snobs, a kind of painted screen, or a cardboard fortification, armed with cannon which cannot be discharged for fear they bring it down about the defenders' ears. And in the end it was all effected so simply, so easily could the bull be induced to charge. A rag was waved, first here, then there, and the dogs barked. That was all.

It is not difficult to be wise after the event. Everybody knows now that with the motley groups of growing strength arrayed against them it behoved the Peers to walk warily, to look askance at the cloaks trailed before them, to realize the danger of accepting challenges, however righteous the cause might be. But no amount of prudence could have postponed the catastrophe for any length of time, for indeed the House of Lords had become an anachronism. Everything had changed since the days when it had its origin, when its members were Peers of the King, not only in name but almost in power, princes of principalities, earls of earldoms, barons of baronies. Then they were in a way enthroned, representing all the people of the territories they dominated, the

people they led in war and ruled in peace. They came together as magnates of the land, sitting in an Upper House as Lords of the shire, even as the Knights of the shire sat in the Commons. And this continued long after the feudal system had passed away, carried on not only by the force of tradition, but by a sentiment of respect and real affection; for these feelings were common enough until designing men laid themselves out to destroy them.

Many things combined to make the last phase pass quickly. It was impossible that the Peerage could long survive the Reform Bill, for it took from the great families their pocket boroughs, and so much of their influence. And there followed hard upon it the educational effect of new facilities for exchange of ideas, the railway trains, the penny post and the half-penny paper, together with the centralization of general opinion and all government which has resulted therefrom. But above all reasons were the loss of the qualifying ancestral lands, a link with the soil; and the ennobling of landless men. Once divorced from its influence over some country-side a peerage resting on heredity was doomed; for no one can defend a system whereby men of no exceptional ability, representative of nothing, are legislators by inheritance. Should we summon to a conclave of the nations a King who had no kingdom? But the

pity of it! Not only the break with eight centuries of history—nay, more, for when had not every King his Council of notables?—not only the loss of picturesqueness and sentiment and lofty aim, but the certainty, the appalling certainty, that, when an aristocracy of birth falls, it is not an aristocracy of character or intellect, but an aristocracy—save the mark—of money, which is bound to take its place.

Five short years and four rejected measures! Glance back over it all. The wild blood on both sides, and the cunning on one. The foolish comfortable words spoken in every drawing-room throughout the United Kingdom: "Yes, they are terrible: what a lot of harm they would do if they could. Thank God we have a House of Lords." Think now that this was commonplace conversation only three short years ago! And all the time the ears of the masses were being poisoned. Week after week and month after month some laughed but others toiled. The laughers, like the French nobles before the Revolution, said contemptuously, "They will not dare." Why should they not? There were men among them for whom the Ark of the Covenant had no sanctity. And then, when the combinations were complete, when those who stood out had been kicked—there can be no other word—into compliance, the blows fell quickly. A Budget was ingeniously prepared for rejection, and, the Lords falling into the trap, the storm broke, with its hurricane of abuse and misrepresentation. We had one election which was inconclusive. Then befell the death of King Edward. There was a second election, carefully engineered and prepared for, rushed upon a nation which had been denied the opportunity of hearing the other side. The Government had out-manceuvred the Opposition and muzzled them to the last moment in a Conference sworn to se-

crecy. It was remarkably clever and incredibly unscrupulous. They won again. They had not increased their numbers, but they had maintained their position, and this time their victory, however achieved, could not be gainsaid. For a moment there was a lull, only some vague talk of "guarantees," asserted, scoffed at and denied, for the ordinary business of the country was in arrears, and the Coronation, with all its pomp of circumstance and power, all its mediæval splendor and appeal to history and sentiment, turned people's thoughts elsewhere.

And then, on the day the pageantry closed, Mr. Asquith launched his Thunderbolt. Few men living will ever learn the true story of the guarantees, suffice it that somehow he had secured them. Whatever the resistance of the Second Chamber might be, it could be overborne. At his dictation the Constitution was to fall. There was no escape; the Bill must surely pass. It rested with the Lords themselves whether they should bow their heads to the inevitable, humbly or proudly, contemptuously or savagely—characterize it as you will—or whether there should be red trouble first.

Surely never in our time has there been a situation of higher psychological interest, for never before have we seen a body of some six hundred exceptional men called on to take each his individual line upon a subject which touched him to the core. I say "individual line" and "exceptional men." Does either adjective require defending?

The Peers are not a regiment, they are still independent entities, with all the faults and virtues which this implies; free gentlemen subject to no discipline, responsible to God and their own consciences alone. At times they may combine on questions which appeal to their sense of right, their sentiment, perhaps some may say their self-in-

terest; but this was no case for combination. Here was a sword pointed at each man's breast. What under the circumstances was to be his individual line of conduct?

And who will deny the word "exceptional"? To a seventh of them it must perforce be applicable, for they have been specially selected to serve in an Upper House. And to the rest, those who sit by inheritance, does it not apply even more? It is not what they have done in life. This was no question of capacity or achievement. By the accident of birth alone they had been put in a position different from other men. How shall each in his wisdom or his folly interpret that well-worn motto which still has virtue both to quicken and control, "Noblesse oblige"?

Very curious indeed was the result. It is useless to consider the preliminaries, the pronouncements, the meetings, the campaign which raged for a fortnight in the Press both by letter and leading article. It is even useless to try and discover who, if anybody, was in favor of the Bill which was the original bone of contention. Its merits and defects were hardly debated. On that fateful 10th of August the House of Lords split into three groups on quite a different point. The King's Government had seized on the King's Prerogative and uttered threats. Should they or should they not be constrained to make good their threats and use it?

The first group said—

"Yes. They have betrayed the Constitution and disgraced their position. Let their crime be brought home to them and to the world. All is lost for us except honor. Shall we lose that also? To the last gasp we will insist on our amendments."

The second group said—

"No. They have indeed betrayed the Constitution and disgraced their posi-

tion, but why add to this disaster the destruction of what remains to safeguard the Empire. We protest and withdraw, washing our hands of the whole business for the moment. But our time will come."

The third group said—

"No. We do not desire the King's Prerogative to be used. We will prevent any need for its exercise. The Bill shall go through without it."

And, the second group abstaining, by seventeen votes the last prevailed against the first. But whether ever before a victory was won by so divided a host, or ever a measure carried by men who so profoundly disapproved of it, let those judge who read the scathing Protest, inscribed in due form in the journals of the House of Lords by one who went into that lobby, Lord Rosebery, the only living Peer who has been Prime Minister of England.

It is unnecessary to print here more than the tenth and last paragraph of this tremendous indictment. It runs:—

"Because the whole transaction tends to bring discredit on our country and its institutions."

How under these extraordinary circumstances did the Peerage take sides, old blood and new blood, the governing families and the so-called "backwoodsmen," they who were carving their own names, and they who relied upon the inheritance of names carved by others?

The first group, the "No-Surrender Peers," mustered 114 in the division. Two Bishops were among them, Bangor and Worcester, and the following distinguished list of peers, first of their line:—

<i>Earls.</i>	<i>Viscounts.</i>
Halsbury.	Llandaff.
Roberts.	Milner.
<i>Barons.</i>	
Atkinson.	

Hothfield.
 Leith of Fyvie.
 Merthyr.
 Northcote.
 Stanmore.

When the story of our times is written it will be seen that there are few walks of life in which some one of these has not borne an honorable part.

Then at a bound we are transported to the Middle Ages. Less than two months ago, when the Abbey Church of Westminster rang to the shouts, "God Save King George," five lords of Parliament knelt on the steps of the throne, kissed the King's cheek, and did homage, each as the chief of his rank and representing every noble of it. They are all here:—

The Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal and premier Peer of England, head of the great house of Howard, a name that for five centuries has held its own with highest honor.

The Marquess of Winchester, head of the Paulets, representative of the man who for three long years held Basing House for the King against all the forces which Cromwell could muster; but descended also from that earlier Marquess of Tudor creation, who, when he was asked how in those troublesome times he succeeded in retaining the post of Lord High Treasurer, replied, "By being a willow and not an oak." To-day the boot is on the other leg.

The Earl of Shrewsbury, head of the Talbots, a race far famed alike in camp and field from the days of the Plantagenets.

The Viscount Falkland, representative of that noble Cavalier who fell at Newbury.

The Baron Mowbray and Segrave and Stourton, titles which carry us back almost to the days of the Great Charter.

Nor does the feudal train end there. We see also—

A St. Maur, Duke of Somerset, whose family has aged since in the time of Henry VIII. men scoffed at it as new.

A Clinton, Duke of Newcastle.

A Percy, Duke and heir of Northumberland, a name of high romance.

A De Burgh, Marquis of Clanricarde.

A Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, twenty-sixth Earl, and head of a house which for eight centuries has stood on the steps of thrones.

A Courtenay, Earl of Devon.

An Erskine, Earl of Mar, an earldom whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity.

A Plunkett, Earl of Fingall.

A Hay, Earl of Erroll, Lord High Constable of Scotland.

A Brabazon, Earl of Meath.

A Lumley, Earl of Scarborough.

Two Frasers, Lords Saltoun and Lovat, Lord Sinclair, Lord Bagot, Lord Willoughby de Broke, and many another.

And if we come to later days we have the Duke of Bedford, head of the great Whig house of Russell; the Dukes of Marlborough and Westminster, heirs of capacity and good fortune; Lords Bute and Salisbury, descendants of Prime Ministers; and not only Lord Selborne, but Lords Bathurst and Coventry, Hardwicke and Rosslyn, representatives of past Lord Chancellors.

These, and others such as they, inheritors of traditions bred in their very bones, spurning the suggestion that they should purchase the uncontamination of the Peerage by the forfeiture of their principles, fought the question to the end. If they asked for a motto, surely theirs would have been, "*Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.*"

And then the other group, the "Surrender Peers," the Majority of 131, indeed an odd mixture, amongst them the bravest of men; dissenting, some we know, most of them we believe, from

the Bill in favor of which they were voting. Here were the two Archbishops and eleven Bishops:—

Canterbury	Hereford.
York.	Lichfield.
	Ripon.
Bath and Wells.	St. Asaph.
Birmingham.	Southwell.
Carlisle.	Wakefield.
Chester.	Winchester.

Let the Archbishop of York, appointed on the recommendation of this Government and reckoned as one of their strong supporters, speak his mind:—

He regarded both the Bill and the policy which had led up to it as the record of a great failure to use a unique opportunity.

And again:—

The proposals of the Government would lower the prestige of this House in the eyes of the country and of the world at a time when the prestige of any Second Chamber was a thing to be prized.

And lastly:—

Let it not be said that his vote was given on behalf of the Government or of their policy. To say that would be to place on his action an interpretation which he had expressly and publicly disowned before giving his vote. He would give that vote with great reluctance; but there were times when it might require a higher courage, when it might win a truer victory, to restrain one's feelings, however strong, than to relieve them, times when in the service of the King and of the country "he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

Little wonder that after words like these the whip was cracked to keep quiet the Government pack, the 21 who hold office, and the 37 others whose nobility is not yet five years old. What their opinions are, what the principles which influenced their votes, approval of the Bill, gratitude to the Government for favors received or to come,

dislike of the commoner herd who were to be brought in to cheapen their honor, or desire to save the Crown from further indignity at the hands of their leaders, no man can tell. The huntsmen alone spoke; the pack, those days, ran mute. The ordinary books of reference will supply their names, and their pedigrees.

And of the sixty others, half of them Unionists, what is there to say? In contradistinction to those who voted for "No Surrender" throughout the group we have little historic blood, and almost none that can be classed as feudal. There is the Marquess of Ailsa, Earl of Cassillis in Scotland, head of the Kennedys; the Marquess of Northampton; the Earl of Moray, descended of the Regent, Mary Queen of Scots' half-brother; the Earl of Elgin, a Viceroy and the son of a Viceroy; Viscount Mountgarret, a cadet of the Butlers; Viscount Cobham, the eldest of the distinguished brotherhood of Lytton; and the heads of the ancient families of Pelham and Molyneux and Lambton.

A few well-known names remain. It is a curious coincidence that, if the tenderers of homage in the Abbey were in the one lobby, the four Knights of the Garter, chosen to stand about the King, to hold a canopy above his head and shield him, were in the other. Lord Rosebery has expressed himself freely, and his protest is on record for all time. Lord Cadogan, a veteran of Cabinet rank on the Unionist side, voted in silence. Lord Minto, head of the Border family of Elliot, so famous in the last century for its administrative capacity, and himself a Viceroy, though he went into that lobby, has written, "I yield to no one in my abhorrence of the Parliament Bill, and of the methods adopted to enforce it."

But no words in speech or letter will go down more surely to posterity than those spoken by the Marquess of

Crewe, the Master of the Government pack: "The whole business, I frankly admit, is odious to me."

And still we pass to the group who abstained, the great mass of the Peerage, too proud to wrangle where they could not win, too wise to knock their heads uselessly against a wall, too loyal not to do their utmost to spare their King. More than three hundred followed Lord Lansdowne's lead, taking for their motto, perhaps, the "Cavendo tutus" of his son-in-law. And still there was fiery blood among them, and strong men swelling with righteous indignation. There were Gay Gordons, as well as a cautious Cavendish, an Irish Beresford to quicken a Dutch Bentinck, and a Graham of Montrose as well as a Campbell of Argyll. Three Earls, Pembroke, Powis, and Carnarvon, represented the cultured family of Herbert, and as a counterpoise to the Duke of Northumberland we see six Peers of the doughty Douglas blood. Lord Curzon found by his side three other Curzons, and the Duke of Atholl three Murrays from the slopes of the Grampians. There were many-acred potentates, such as the Dukes of Beaufort and Hamilton and Rutland, Lord Bath, Lord Leicester, and Lord Lonsdale, and names redolent of history, a Butler, Marquess of Ormonde, a Cecil, Marquess of Exeter, the representative of Queen Elizabeth's Lord Burleigh, and a Stanley, Earl of Derby, a name which to this day stirs Lancashire blood. If it were a question of tac-

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tics, then Earl Nelson agreed with the Duke of Wellington, and they were backed by seven others whose peerages had been won in battle on land or sea in the course of the last century; while if the Law should be considered, there were nine descendants of Lord Chancellors. Coming to more recent times, there was the son of John Lawrence of the Punjab, and of Alfred Tennyson the poet, Lord St. Aldwyn and Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Lord Lister, and Lords Rothschild, Aldenham, and Revelstoke. What need to mention more? for there were men representative of every interest in every quarter; but if we wish to close this list with two names which might seem to link together the Constitutional history of these islands, let us note that there was agreement as to action between Viscount Peel, the sole surviving ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, and Lord Wrottesley, the head of the only family which can claim as of its name and blood one of the original Knights of the Garter.

What more is there to say? As, nearly two years ago, we stood round the telegraph boards watching the election results coming in, many of us saw that the Peerage was falling. The end has come quicker than we expected. The Empire may repent, a new Constitution may spring into being, and there may be raised again a Second Chamber destined to be far stronger than that which has passed, but it will never be the proud House of Peers far-famed in English history.

George S. C. Swinton.

A YARN OF THE SEA.

I.

The *Mahratta* was a good ship built to last by Denny. But she was twenty years old, her engines were cranky, her

boilers worn and old-fashioned, her speed and tonnage not enough for the new conditions of the trade. We had been two years on the China station.

When orders for home came early in May we were neither surprised nor sorry, and the skipper wanted to be off at once. We were to call at Singapore for coal, and at Colombo if there were passengers, and at Bombay, and it was advisable to get out of the China seas before the rough weather began, for the engines could not be trusted to force the ship through the tail of a typhoon.

The company's agent at Shanghai, however, looked at the matter from another point of view. It was his business to make the voyage pay, and he kept us a fortnight while he collected a cargo of tea. When we left the harbor in the middle of May, we had as much tea as she could carry. Her holds were full and the forward saloon and cabins, choke-full of tea-chests, were shut off from the aft part of the ship, which was given up to the passengers, fortunately not many. There were thirty-six in all, of whom two were ladies and one a sick man, very ill of abscess of the liver. They had a bad time, for the heat was great, as there was no through draught, and the after-saloon and state-rooms were like a stoke-hole without a ventilating shaft. What wind there was was astern and crept along with us. The passengers, all but the sick man who could not be moved, lived on deck, only going below to dress and eat.

At Singapore we took three passengers, and filled up the bunkers with coal. As for cargo, we could not have stowed a ton more unless we had rammed it down the funnel. Soon after we put to sea again our troubles began. The coal was dirty Indian stuff, making more smoke than steam, and the log did not show more than eight to nine knots. There was no wind and the heat was killing. The skipper was evidently anxious, always looking at the log and speaking from the bridge to the engine-room. Unless

we could knock a few more knots out of her we stood to be caught by the monsoon before we could clear the Laccadives, and any little mishap then might endanger the ship. The chief engineer, on the other hand, thought more of his engines and was unwilling to force the pace. Although nothing was said before us it was easy to see how the matter stood. It was a choice of evils. Captain Jones knew his business and thought his best chance was to make all speed.

The result was that the Sidi boys in the stoke-hole were hustled up. The foul smoke poured from the funnels as if they were chimneys of a smelting-furnace in the black country. The chief engineer and his mates danced about in the engine-room like bears on a hot iron floor, oiling here and screwing up there. The engine groaned and creaked, and had to be nursed and humored to keep her going at all.

Next day's run was the best we had made. We had not to stop at Colombo, but kept a straight course across the Indian Ocean well south of Ceylon. And for the first three days all went well. Some fifty miles south of Cape Comorin the bearings heated and a crank broke, and the ship had to be hove-to for the better part of a night. When the mischief had been repaired we had to go as slow as any rotten down-by-the-stern tramp forging up the Red Sea against a head wind. We soon lost all that we had gained by forcing the pace. The skipper looked glum. The chief engineer smiled but said nothing. He did his level best all the same, and was hardly ever out of the engine-room. Do what he could, the pace did not improve. She went creaking and wheezing along, seeming to feel her way for all the world like a gouty old admiral trying to swagger down Piccadilly as if his feet were sound. After rounding Cape Comorin the ship's head was kept nearly due

west for fifty or sixty miles so as to get clear of the current that runs southward down the west coast of India, and is very strong in the monsoon. The weather was very good and showed no signs of change. The course was altered to the north. If all went well for another twenty-four hours the great danger would be past. We were going slowly, no doubt, but the sea was smooth. The wind was weak, but it was aft. Things began to look more cheerful.

The sun that evening went down as red as fire, and just as he touched the sea a dark band of cloud showed right across his disc. Early in the night the wind began to freshen from the southwest, and every now and then came a gust which rippled the surface of the sea and made the ship heel over a little.

At this time I was the officer on watch. The glass was falling fast. Although the night was clear, the moon bright, and not a cloud to be seen, every seaman on board knew there would be a taste of weather before the morning. Near midnight the wind fell. The stillness was ominous. As I stood on the bridge I could hear every pulse of the engine and the ripple of the water as the ship cut through the oily sea. The heat had become suffocating. It seemed to wrap me round, to choke me if I tried to breathe, and coated my skin with a clammy moisture impervious to air.

I was walking the bridge, fighting the deadly drowsiness begotten of the heat, when I saw lightning flash now down on the port quarter. Thunder followed after a long pause, and I knew it would not be long before the storm was on us. I ordered the awning over the after-deck to be furled and everything to be made ready to close the hatches. Big dark clouds came rolling up into the clear night, but rushed on without dropping their bur-

dens. The passengers sleeping on deck were roused, and they went below, grumbling at having to face the heat of the stifling cabins.

The full force of the storm struck us just before dawn. There was little wind at first. The rain fell not in drops but in heavy streams, leaping up again from the decks and making the sea boil. The lightning danced about the ship in vivid forks that seemed to cut into the water. Thunder, no longer in distinct peals, roared continuously. We were steering a little west of north. The storm caught us almost broadside on, when the first rush of wind came and heeled the ship over so suddenly that the captain, who had come on the bridge, and I had to hold on to the rail for dear life. The ship groaned, the engine hammered and creaked, and the screw raced. It was necessary to ease the strain. The captain ordered the quartermaster at the wheel to let her go, and she swung sharply round and went before the wind. At the same time the engines were slowed down a bit. By noon the storm had passed over. Heavy rain still fell, and the great monsoon clouds rolled over us fast and low, with ragged fringes hanging down like the beginnings of waterspouts. So we went all that day and the night that followed it. Before morning the weather thickened. The sea was very heavy now and there was no break in the clouds. The captain was afraid of being carried out of his course too far to the east. But with the engines going slow her head could not be kept nearer to the wind. After some consultation with the chief engineer the order passed to go full speed ahead.

I was off duty at sunset and turned in. In spite of the heat, which was pretty bad, as hatches were down and ports shut, I was soon fast asleep. How long I slept I do not know. I awoke suddenly with a start. The en-

gines had stopped. The ship was rolling twenty-five degrees. I pulled on my jacket and ran up the companion. The seas were pouring over the side of the ship, and I gained the bridge with difficulty. The captain and the first officer were there. He was talking with the engine-room through the tube, and we could not hear what was said.

"What does he say, sir?" asked the first officer.

"Shake out a sail forward," said the skipper, without answering the question. "We must get enough way on her to steer by."

The *Mahratta*, like most of the steamships of her time, carried some sail and was schooner-rigged. The big sail forward was soon shaken out, and when it filled she answered her helm and steadied herself. "Keep her as close to the wind as she will come," was the order.

It was soon known that the propeller shaft had broken. As we did not carry a spare shaft, there was nothing for it but to do the best possible with the sails. They were of some use to steady the ship, with a wind astern to help the engines, but to be compelled to depend on them alone was not a cheerful prospect. The *Mahratta* could be brought no nearer to the wind than a Burman craft on the Irrawaddy. She could not be kept to her true course. It was two days since we had been able to see sun or star, and we had only the dead reckoning to go by. So far as that went, we must be nearing some of the Laccadive group. Two of the keenest men we had were put to keep watch in the bows, and during the first part of the night the captain and first officer remained on the bridge, while the second officer and I were allowed to go below.

I relieved the first officer at eight bells, and the second officer came to join me, but the captain would not leave the bridge. The wind had fallen

somewhat, which made the ship slower to answer her helm. It was dirty weather. A fog, or rather a thick mist, floated above the water, so that it was very difficult to see more than a few hundred yards in any direction. The captain went below for a cup of tea and a little rest, but just as it was beginning to be light he came up again. At that moment the look-out in the bows called "breakers ahead." The helm was put hard aport. But she did not answer well, and it seemed as if we must drift on the reef. The captain then let her go before the wind straight for the reef. As we must strike, it was better to go bow first and get a hold of the coral than to roll on sideways with the wind blowing full on the port broadside. So at it we went. The sea lifted her and sent her grating and scraping up the reef more easily than we could have hoped for. We were hard aground fore and aft. It was soon reported that she was not making water. Although every now and then a big sea broke over the ship there was no immediate danger, and unless the weather became very much worse we could certainly hold out until help came. Soon after noon the clouds broke a little and the sun came out, and we were able to determine the ship's position. We were on one of the smaller Laccadives, on the north-east edge of the group.

I was called by the captain.

"Mr. Dick," he said, "get a boat out at once. Choose your own boat and your own crew and make the land as soon as you can. Conconada will be your best chance. With luck you should do it in three days. But better take water and biscuits for seven. You will send a telegram to Bombay. We must have a ship to help us. I will write the telegram while you are getting the boat ready."

"Ay, ay, sir," I said, and was off to carry out the orders.

I had no doubt which boat to take. The cutter was the best sea-boat and the fastest. As to the crew, I must have another white man. The ship was manned by Lascars, but we had a few Chinamen who had signed on at Hong Kong to fill up vacancies. I took four of the best of these and told them to get ready. We carried two British quarter-masters. One was a man from Devon, named Pogson, a sailor born and bred, who could handle a boat with the best. The other was one of those steam-bred landlubbers who had never been aloft to reef a sail in his life. Attfield was his name, or Hattfield as he made it, for he was a thoroughbred Whitechapel Cockney. He called himself a sailor, but it was the worst name he could call himself by. He was fit to polish brass and to fetch chairs for ladies on deck and devil a thing else. I called Pogson, of course, and leaving him and the second officer to see to the provisioning of the boat and to get her ready to lower, I ran down to my cabin to get a few things I might want—a compass and chart, a chronometer, a revolver and some cartridges, a waterproof, and a small supply of money. We thought the ship had settled down on the reef. While I was busy below a big sea came along, lifted her, and threw her over violently to starboard. There was a noise and a scuffle on deck. I ran up and found them lifting Pogson, who had been thrown against the saloon skylight and had broken his leg. This was a bad beginning.

"Cursed luck," I said to the captain who had come down from the bridge; "but it can't be helped, sir; I will take another Chinaman and be off."

"No, no, my boy," he said, "I cannot allow that; something might happen to you, and the Chinamen might not deliver the message. You must have another white man. I wish I had a

better man to give you. You must take Attfield."

I protested I would sooner go alone, but the skipper would not hear of it.

I need not speak of the bother we had to get the boat lowered in the breaking sea. But it was done without further accident, and it was just two o'clock in the afternoon when we shoved off and hoisted sail,—not without anxiety so far as I was concerned, but with a firm courage, not doubting that I should reach the land, send the message, and save the ship.

The wind was now blowing fresh, and the seas when we got away from the island were heavy, but the cutter rode them well. I made Attfield take the tiller, as I wanted to keep myself as fresh as might be for the night, when I did not like to trust him. We had plenty of biscuit on board and a good tarpaulin to keep it dry, and as many beakers of water as six men were likely to need for a week.

But I will not weary you with more details. Every little point is stamped on my memory, but would not interest you.

The night passed without accident. Next day went much the same. I gave the tiller to Attfield, and, after eating a little, I lay down on the bottom of the boat and slept as much as I could. But I had to sleep with one eye open and tell the quartermaster what to do.

The wind was blowing from the south-west, and did not change much either in force or direction. We had to go well north of the port I wanted to make. If I turned for the land too soon, I might get into the current which runs down the coast at six knots an hour in the monsoon, and then we should have been taken right round Cape Comorin before we could make the land. The second night, like the first, passed without accident, and my spirits began to rise, for the boat was

racing before the wind. Towards morning the wind fell somewhat and it rained heavily. The heat was great. I held on the same course. Reckoning from the pace we were going and the time we had been afloat, I made out that we must not alter the course for another twelve hours at least.

The heat that day was killing. Heavy showers of rain alternated with bright sunshine. After noon the wind fell away, and the boat had hardly more than steering way upon her. The heat became as much as a man could stand. I had been very careful of the water all along, allowing no beaker to be opened except by myself, and measuring it out to each man. I would not give them water in the heat of the day, knowing by experience how drinking in the sun begeth thirst. We were all thirsty more or less. Attfield, who I suspect drank his full share on shore, felt it more than any one, and continually asked for water. I would not let him have any, and thereupon he turned sulky and muttered or jabbered to himself.

When the sun went down and gave us a little respite, I served out water and biscuit, and took charge of the boat for the night. The wind had fallen still more and the sea was going down. I had not to be so watchful, and sat steering mechanically in a drowsy state.

It was about midnight, I think, when I pulled myself together with a start. I had heard a noise. There it goes again! Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle. By —, it is the sound of water poured from a bottle! I was wide enough awake now. Dropping the ropes, I sprang forward. In three bounds I was over the thwarts and in the bows and had a Chinaman by the throat. He was emptying a beaker into the sea, and had a second by him for the same purpose. Why I did not brain him on the spot I don't know.

I did not. Calling for help—Attfield and the other men were, or pretended to be, asleep—I hauled my prisoner aft. He mewed and jabbered like an ape, and could give no account of himself. He had gone mad. Rousing Attfield, I got some ropes and we bound the madman hand and foot, put him in the bottom of the boat, and made him fast to a thwart, ordering the other men to keep watch over him by turns. I took the tiller again, and we got through the night somehow or other.

Fatigue and anxiety were now telling upon me, strong and young as I was. If it had been a question of my own life only, I do not think I could have fought it out. But there was the ship and all aboard of her. There was my good name as a seaman and the trust put in me by the captain. "It has got to be done," I said to myself. "Wait till you get to land and send the wire. You can then lie down and die or get well." Perhaps some of you have made long journeys on foot or on horseback. There comes a time when the body moves mechanically: the mind seems extinguished by fatigue. But the will holds on.

When morning came and I had handed the tiller to Attfield, the first thing I did was to examine the beakers to see how much water was left. We should have had four beakers still untouched. I found only two. Two must have been wantonly emptied into the sea, or the men must have drunk while I was asleep and Attfield steering. It was a hard knock, for we might be two or three days at sea still, and, if the wind slackened, more. It was better not to think about it. I determined to keep the beakers close to me day and night. Luckily, soon after sunrise the wind freshened again; indeed, it blew half a gale and the boat began to move. After noon the clouds gathered and it rained heavily. I had a sail spread to catch the rain,

but the strong wind blew the water out of the shallow cup as fast as it came down. We managed, however, to scoop some up with our hands and mugs and so slake our thirst.

I had had no sleep for some twenty hours. Anxiety had kept me awake, but now I was tired out and felt that if I did not sleep I should break down at night when it was my turn to take the tiller. How long I slept I do not know. I was awakened with a start by the same noise of gurgling water. I sprang up and was in the bow in an instant. The madman had broken loose or had been untied by the others. There he was, leaning over the gunwale and emptying another of the beakers into the sea. I seized him by the pigtail, wrenched the beaker from him, struck him with all my force on the side of his head, and dragged him aft stunned by the blow.

Attfield must have seen all this. He must have seen the madman escaping, but there he sat, with the tiller ropes in his hands, unconscious apparently of everything round him. The three other Chinamen were mumbling to each other in a very excited way. I ordered them to be silent, but to no purpose. Were they also going off their heads? The heat and thirst and exposure were enough to madden the strongest. Hitherto they had done their duty as good sailors. If they failed me I should be left to all intents and purposes without help. My British seaman was a passenger, and bad at that. I was so angry, that, leaving the madman lying at the bottom of the boat, I seized the quartermaster by the collar and shook him roughly.

"You damned fool," I hissed, "do you want us all to die that you sit there and let this madman throw away the water? How did he get loose? Speak, you drivelling brute, or I'll kill you."

"The others let him loose," he whim-

pered. "I could not leave the tiller to stop them, and they threatened me with their knives. They say you want to do for all of us. Why do you keep her head north instead of trying to make the coast?"

"Why did not you call me?" I said, and, pushing him away, I let go his collar and ordered him to take the madman by the legs while I lifted him by the shoulders. The man was still stunned and made no resistance.

"Now then," I said. "Up with him; heave away!"

He hesitated. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Heave him overboard," I said. "It's our only chance. I am half dead with fatigue, and cannot work the boat all night and watch this devil all day, and you won't do it. Heave away, I tell you. If you don't, I must shoot him, and by G—— I'll shoot you too for mutinous conduct endangering the boat." He saw I was in earnest, and was afraid to disobey, and so we lifted the man,—swung him once, twice, thrice, and over the side with a splash. There were sharks in our wake, but I did not look astern. "Now," I said, drawing my revolver and speaking to them all, Attfield and the three Chinamen, "I'll shoot the first man who disobeys me or touches the water-bottles without my orders." They answered me with a look of impotent hate, the worst hate of all, and Attfield's eyes told the same tale. I did not fear an attempt on my life, as none of them could navigate the boat. Attfield himself was no better at that game than a taxicabman from a London stand.

Well, I need not waste time over the next night and day. We were all suffering terribly from thirst. Fortunately rain came now and again, and the wind served us well. In the middle of the day after we had thrown the madman overboard I was satisfied that I might turn her head to the east and

try to fetch the land. There was very little water left now, and I began to doubt if any of us would live through it all. But I was resolved not to give in, and anxiety seemed to give me fresh strength. I felt I could not sleep or rest but must watch, watch, watch, until I saw the land. I thought when I altered the course we were about one hundred miles more or less from the coast. We were going some five or six knots an hour, and some time in the afternoon I expected to get into the southward current. I kept the tiller in my own hands, so that I might know when she began to feel it. Of everything else in this world or the next I was unconscious. Sun and thirst seemed to make up the whole universe, and I had to steer through them. I suppose it was about two o'clock when I felt her head drawn round to the south. There was still some five hours of daylight left. The weather had cleared, and with the sun behind—the scorching rays on my back made that clear to me—we ought to be able to see the land at a distance of twenty miles. I prayed that we might reach it before I lost my senses, prayed as much as a man in my condition, only kept up by pure force of will, could pray. I ordered one of the Chinamen into the bows to keep a look-out. They seemed to understand what that meant, and the order was cheerfully obeyed. As for the quarter-master he lay moaning and rolling his eyes on the bottom of the boat. I had no pity to waste on him; and so we went for some three or four hours. I think it was between four and five o'clock that

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something moving in the water caught my eye. My senses were too dull to take it in at first glance. But presently it came upon me all of a sudden that we were moving through a shoal of water-snakes. I almost jumped with joy. The water-snake never comes out more than twenty miles from land. Now I opened the last beaker and gave each a little more water than usual; and made them soak some biscuit and try to eat. The sun was now low, but no land showed. I was losing heart again, fearing that we might have difficulty in making the coast after dark, when the man in the bows waved his hand (he was past speaking) and pointed ahead. Yes, there it was sure enough, the brown sail of a native fishing craft. If I could have shouted at all I would have shouted for joy. In another hour we were alongside the fishing-boat and could see the low coast ahead of us. Knowing the Lascar Iligo well, I had no difficulty in finding out where we were. We had by sheer good luck made a straight course for Coconada, the only port south of Ratnagiri that could shelter a boat in the monsoon.

I remember running in under a light-house that stood at the end of a small stone-built pier which formed the southern arm of the small harbor. I remember clambering up out of the boat, helped or pulled by several men. I remember putting the telegram in its waterproof covering into the hands of a white man, and endeavoring to say what I wished done with it. I recollect that. Then everything became blank.

C. H. T. Crosthwaite.

(To be concluded.)

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

PAPER IX.

BOSWELL'S "LIFE OF JOHNSON" AND "JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES."
BY CANON BEKCHING.

1. Where was Dr. Johnson once drowned?
2. With what hypothetical end in view did Dr. Johnson conceive the necessity of turning himself into a reptile?
3. What was, in Dr. Johnson's opinion, the best material for women's dresses, and why?
4. Who once offered the Doctor a shilling?
5. What subject did Dr. Johnson refuse to learn?
6. A well-known dramatic author is spoken of, who anticipated the methods of Mr. Pelissier. In what respect?
7. To what social observance would Johnson not seem retrograde, "for ten pounds"?
8. What was Boswell bidden to write down in the first leaf of his pocket-book?
9. "You have not travelled over my mind, I promise you." To whom was this said?
10. In whose house did a gentleman display a nice trait of character by whistling?
11. What did Johnson lose during his tour to the Hebrides?
12. Fill up the blanks in the following:
 - (a) "I never heard — make a good joke in my life."
 - (b) "—— Sir, is a good thing to sit by."
 - (c) "If you call a dog — I shall love him."
 - (d) "—— Sir, is the most invulnerable man I know."

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE GRAND JURY.

When Mr. Clarkson, of the Education Office, received a summons to attend the Grand Jury, or to answer the contrary at his peril, he was glad. "For now," he thought, "I shall share in the duties of democracy and be brought face to face with the realities of life."

"Mrs. Wilson," he said to the landlady, as she brought in his breakfast, "what does this summons mean by describing the Court as being in the suburbs of the City of London? Is there a Brixton Branch?"

"O Lordy me!" cried the landlady, "I do hope, sir, as you've not got yourself mixed up with no such things; but the Court's nigh against St. Paul's, as I know from going there just before my poor nephew passed into retirement, as done him no good."

"The summons," Mr. Clarkson went on, "the summons says I'm to inquire, present, do, and execute all and singular things with which I may be then and there enjoined. Why should only the law talk like that?"

"Begging your pardon, sir," replied the landlady, "I sometimes do think it comes of their dressing so old-fashioned. But I'd ask it of you not to read me no more of such like, if you'd be so obliging. For it do make me come over all of a tremble."

"I wonder if her terror arises from the hideousness of the legal style or from association of ideas?" thought Mr. Clarkson as he opened a Milton, of which he always read a few lines every morning to dignify the day.

On the appointed date, he set out

eastward with an exhilarating sense of change, and thoroughly enjoyed the drive down Holborn with the crowd of City men. "It's rather strangely like going to the sea-side," he remarked to the man next him on the motor-bus. The man asked him if he had come from New Zealand to see the decorations, and arrived late. "Oh, no," said Mr. Clarkson, "I seldom think the Colonies interesting, and I distrust decoration in every form."

It was unfortunate, but the moment he mounted the Court stairs, the decoration struck him. There were the expected scenes, historic and emblematic, of Roman law, blindfold Justice, the Balance, the Sword, and other encouraging symbols. But in one semicircle he especially noticed a group of men, women, and children, dancing to the tabor's sound in naked freedom. "Please, could you tell me," he asked of a stationary policeman, "whether that scene symbolizes the Age of Innocence, before Law was needed, or the Age of Anarchy, when Law will be needed no longer?"

"Couldn't rightly say," answered the policeman, looking up sideways; "but I do wish they'd cover them people over more decent. They're a hoot-rage on respectable witnesses."

"All art—" Mr. Clarkson was beginning, when the policeman said "Grand Jury?" and pushed him through a door into a large court. A vision of middle-age was there gathering, and a murmur of complaint filled the room—the hurried breakfast, the heat, the interrupted business, the reported large number of prisoners, likely to occupy two days, or even three.

Silence was called, and four or five elderly gentlemen in black-and-scarlet robes—"wise in their wigs, and flamboyant as flamingoes," as a daily paper said of the Judges at the Coronation—some also decorated with gilded chains and deep fur collars, in spite of the

heat, entered from a side door and took their seats upon a raised platform. Each carried in his hand a nosegay of flowers, screwed up tight in a paper frill with lace-work round the edges, like the bouquets that enthusiasts or the management throw to actresses.

"Are those flowers to cheer the prisoners?" Mr. Clarkson whispered, "or are they the rudimentary survivals of the incense that used to counteract the smell and infection of gaol-fever?"

"Covent Garden," was the reply, and the list of jurors was called. The first twenty-three were sent into another room to select their foreman, and, though Mr. Clarkson had not the slightest desire to be chosen, he observed that the other jurors did not even look in his direction. Finally, a foreman was elected, no one knew for what reasons, and all went back to the Court to be "charged." A gentleman in black-and-scarlet made an hour's speech, reviewing the principal cases with as much solemnity as if the Grand Jury's decisions would affect the Last Judgment, and Mr. Clarkson began to realize his responsibility so seriously that when the jurors were dismissed to their duties, he took his seat before a folio of paper, a pink blotting-pad, and two clean quill pens, with a resolve to maintain the cause of justice, whatever might befall.

"Page eight, number twenty-one," shouted the black-robed usher, who guided the jurors as a dog guides sheep, and wore the cheerful air of congenial labor successfully performed. Turning up the reference in the book of cases presented to each juror, Mr. Clarkson found: "Charles Jones, 35, clerk: forging and uttering, knowing the same to be forged, a receipt for money, to wit, a receipt for fees on a plaint note of the Fulham County Court, with intent to defraud."

"This threatens to be a very ab-

struse case," he remarked to a red-faced juror on his right.

"A half of bitter would elucidate it wonderful to my mind," was the answer.

But already a policeman had been sworn, and given his evidence with the decisiveness of a gramophone.

"Any questions?" said the foreman, looking round the table. No one spoke.

"Signify, gentlemen, signify!" cried the genial usher, and all but Mr. Clarkson held up a hand.

"Two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve," counted the usher, totting up the hands till he had reached a majority. "True Bill, True Bill! Next case. Page eleven, number fifty-two."

"Do you mean to tell me that is all?" asked Mr. Clarkson, turning to his neighbor.

"Say no more, and I'll make it a quart," replied the red-faced man, ticking off the last case and turning up the new one, in which a doctor was already giving his evidence against a woman charged with the wilful murder of her newly-born male child.

"Signify, gentlemen, signify!" cried the usher. "Two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve. True Bill, True Bill! next case. Page fourteen, number seventy-two."

"Stop a moment," stammered Mr. Clarkson, half rising; "if you please, stop one moment. I wish to ask if we are justified in rushing through questions of life and death in this manner. What do we know of this woman; for instance—her history, her distress, her state of mind?"

"Sit down!" cried some. "Oh, shut it!" cried others. All looked at him with the amused curiosity of people in a tramcar looking at a talkative child. The usher hustled across the room, and said in a loud and reassuring whisper: "All them things has got nothing to do with you, sir. Those is ques-

tions for the Judge and Petty Jury upstairs. The magistrates have sat on all these cases already and committed them for trial; so all you've got to do is to find a True Bill, and you can't go wrong."

"If we can't go wrong, there's no merit in going right," protested Mr. Clarkson.

"Next case. Page fourteen, number seventy-two," shouted the usher again, and as the witness was a Jew, his hat was sent for. "There's a lot of history behind that hat," said Mr. Clarkson, wishing to propitiate public opinion.

"Wish that was all there was behind it," said the juror on his left. The Jew finished his evidence and went away. The foreman glanced round, and the usher had already got as far as "Signify," when a venerable juror, prompted by Mr. Clarkson's example, interposed.

"I should like to ask that witness one further question," he said in a fine Scottish accent, and after considerable shouting, the Jew was recalled.

"I should like to ask you, my man," said the venerable juror, "how you spell your name?" The name was spelt, the juror carefully inscribed it on a blank space opposite the charge, sighed with relief, and looked round. "Signify, gentlemen, signify!" cried the usher. "Two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve. True Bill, True Bill! Next case. Page six, number eleven."

Number eleven was a genuine murder case, and sensation pervaded the room when the murdered man's wife was brought in, weeping. She sobbed out the oath, and the foreman, wishing to be kind, said encouragingly, "State briefly what you know of this case."

She sobbed out her story, and was led away. The foreman glanced round the tables.

"I think we ought to hear the doctor," said the red-faced man. The doc-

tor was called and described a deep incised wound, severing certain anatomical details.

"I think we ought to hear the constable," said the red-faced man, and there was a murmur of agreement. A policeman came in, carrying a brown-paper parcel. Having described the arrest, he unwrapped a long knife, which was handed round the tables for inspection. When it reached the red-faced juror, he regarded the blade closely up and down, with gloating satisfaction. "Are those stains blood?" he asked the policeman.

"Yes, sir; them there is the poor feller's blood."

The red-faced man looked again, and suddenly turning upon Mr. Clarkson, went through a pantomime of plunging the knife into his throat. At Mr. Clarkson's horrified recoil he laughed himself purple.

"Well said the Preacher you may know a man by his laughter," Mr. Clarkson murmured, while the red-faced man patted him amicably on the back.

"No offence, I hope; no offence!" he said. "Come and have some lunch. I always must, and I always do eat a substantial lunch. Nice, juicy cut from the joint, and a little dry sherry? What do you say?"

"Thank you very much indeed," said Mr. Clarkson, instantly benign. "You are most kind, but I always have coffee and a roll and butter."

"O my God!" exclaimed the red-faced man, and speaking across Mr. Clarkson to another substantial juror, he entered into discussion on the comparative merits of dry sherry and champagne-and-bitters.

Soon after two they both returned in the comfortable state of mind produced by the solution of doubt. But Mr. Clarkson's doubts had not been solved, and his state of mind was far from comfortable. All through the

lunch hour he had been tortured by uncertainty. A plain duty confronted him, but how could he face it? He hated a scene. He abhorred publicity as he abhorred the glaring advertisements in the streets. He had never suffered so much since the hour before he had spoken at the Oxford Union on the question whether the sense for beauty can be imparted by instruction. He closed his eyes. He felt the sweat standing on his forehead. And still the cases went on. "Two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve. True Bill. True Bill! Two, four, six, eight . . ."

"Now then, sleepy!" cried the red-faced man in his ear, giving him a genial dig with his elbow. Mr. Clarkson quivered at the touch, but he rose.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I wish to protest against the continuation of this farce."

The jury became suddenly alert, and his voice was drowned in chaos. "Order, order! Chair, chair!" they shouted. "Let's all go down the strand!" sang one.

"I call that gentleman to order," said the foreman, rising with dignity. "He has previously interrupted and delayed our proceedings, without bringing fresh light to bear upon our investigations. After the luncheon interval, I was pleased to observe that for one cause or another—I repeat, for one cause or another—he was distinctly—shall I say somnolent, gentlemen? Yes, I will say somnolent. And I wish to inform him that the more somnolent he remains, the better we shall all be pleased."

"Hear, hear! Quite true!" shouted the jury.

"Does it appear to you, sir, fitting to sit here wasting time?" Mr. Clarkson continued, with diminishing timidity. "Does it seem to you a proper task for twenty-three apparently rational human beings—"

"Twenty-two! Twenty-two!" cried

the red-faced man, adding up the jurors with the end of a pen, and ostentatiously omitting Mr. Clarkson.

The jurors shook with laughter. They wiped tears from their eyes. They rolled their heads on the pink blotting-paper in their joy. When quiet was restored, the foreman proceeded:—

"I have already ruled that gentleman out of order, and I warn him that if he perseveres in his contumacious disregard of common decency and the chair, I shall proceed to extremities as the law directs. We are here, gentlemen, to fulfil a public duty as honorable British citizens, and here we will remain until that duty is fulfilled, or we will know the reason why."

He glanced defiantly round, assuming an aspect worthy of the last stand at Malwand. Looking at Mr. Clarkson as turkeys might look at a stray canary, the jurors expressed their applause.

But the genial usher took pity, and whispered across the table to him, "It'll all come right, sir; it'll all come right. You wait a bit. The Grand Jury always rejects one case before it's done; sometimes two."

And sure enough, next morning, while Mr. Clarkson was reading Burke's speeches which he had brought with him, one of the jurors objected to

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the evidence in the eighty-seventh case. "We cannot be too cautious, gentlemen," he said, "in arriving at a decision in these delicate matters. The apprehension of blackmail hangs over every living man in this country."

"Delicate matters; blackmail; great apprehension of blackmail in these delicate matters," murmured the jury, shaking their heads, and they threw out the Bill with the consciousness of an independent and righteous deed.

Soon after midday, the last of the cases was finished, and having signified a True Bill for nearly the hundredth time, the jurors were conducted into the Court where a prisoner was standing in the dock for his real trial. As though they had saved a tottering State, the Judge thanked them graciously for their services, and they were discharged.

"Just a drop of something to show there's no ill-feeling!" said the red-faced man as they passed into the street.

"Thank you very much," replied Mr. Clarkson, warmly. "I assure you I have not the slightest ill-feeling of any kind. But I seldom drink."

"Bless my soul!" said the red-faced man. "Then, what do you do?"

Henry W. Nevinnson.

ITALIAN INFLUENCE ON TUDOR DRAMA.

Year by year, thanks to American, German, but chiefly to English scholars, the general reader is enabled to learn more and more about the many different streams that went to the making of the great river of Elizabethan and Jacobean drama. Perhaps the general reader is still too much inclined

* "*Early Plays from the tallan.*" Edited by R. Warwick Bond. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 7s. 6d. net.)

to believe that at a spring called Marlowe that river broke suddenly out of dry ground, to flow its grandest at a reach called Shakespeare, and to trickle into waste over the mud-flats of Caroline desolation. Scholars, meanwhile, are hard at work investigating the many rivulets that feed it, and, like geographical explorers, replacing mystery and superstition with knowledge

of watersheds and sources. Among these Livingstones is Mr. Warwick Bond. In this very pleasant book (which is uniform with Mr. A. W. Pollard's invaluable "English Miracle Plays") he has followed up an important tributary, the Italian *commedia erudita*—the learned comedy, not the extempore, farcical *commedia dell'arte*, but that which was imitated from Plautus and Terence and owed its vogue to the discoveries of the Renaissance. The existence of this tributary had, of course, been recognized long before Mr. Warwick Bond began to explore it; but knowledge was incomplete. In the first place, no one was very certain about its mouth; or—to drop our metaphor—the English plays immediately modelled on the Italian were hardly known. There was, indeed, *Ralph Roister Doister*; but of the three plays which Mr. Bond prints, one was not easy to get at, and the other two were never printed till fourteen or fifteen years ago, and then in Germany. In the second place, no one had worked hard enough, with this particular end in view, at Latin comedy, still less at Italian comedy. Mr. Bond's book, then, if not pioneer's work, is explorer's work, and acquaints us with much that is new concerning one of the forces moulding the drama when Shakespeare became a playwright. The three plays which he prints are *Supposes*, *The Buggbears*, and *Misogonus*. The first is Englished by George Gascoigne from the two versions, one in prose and one in verse, of Ariosto's *I Suppositi*, and was acted at Gray's Inn in 1566. The second is mainly taken from Grazzini's *La Spiritata*, and was written—perhaps by one John Jeffere—at a date fixed by Mr. Bond at 1564 or 1565. The third, possibly the work of one Laurence Barjona (which possibly stands for Johnson), who was possibly a school-master at Kettering, is thought by Mr.

Bond to be perhaps a revision, dating from 1576 or 1577, of a composition of 1564 or thereabouts. All three plays, then, seem to date from just round the birth of Shakespeare, some twenty years before Lyly or Peele began to write for the stage, and more than twenty before *Tamburlaine* appeared.

But the mention of Marlowe's play may confuse the issue, which has nothing to do with tragedy. Mr. Bond's point is the Italian influence on English comedy, and in his Introductory Essay he works it out minutely and clearly. He shows how the sixteenth century authors of Italian *commedia erudita*, Ariosto, Aretino, Cecchi, Grazzini, and others, adapted the comedy of Plautus and Terence, which in its turn was an adaptation of the Greek New Comedy—the comedy of ordinary middle-class life. The Italians usually substituted prose for the verse of the Latin comedy; but in the main they kept pretty closely to its form, observing the unities of time and place (their scene was almost always the public street, and we see no reason to allow the exceptions which Mr. Bond finds in *Misogonus*) and taking over some distinctive tricks of workmanship. As for the substance, they took that too, including many familiar figures, but altered it until it became a fairly accurate representation of the life of their own times. Among the changes worked out by Mr. Bond the most important is that of the heroine from a prostitute or a dancer to an honest girl. Very little—sometimes nothing at all—is seen of her; but that is due to the placing of the action in a street, where honest Italian girls, no less than honest Roman girls, were not to be seen. One way out of this difficulty was to dress the girl as a boy—a device which had far-reaching consequences on the womanless English stage.

Thence we come to the use that the

English made of these Italian authorities. In *Supposes* (which has now been three times reprinted in the last six years) Gascoigne translates Ariosto into admirable English prose, altering him only now and then to make him a little more didactic, to indulge a little in his own tendency to euphuism, or to bring in some racy English expression. Ariosto had built his play on the *Eunuchus* and the *Captivi*; there is no evidence that Gascoigne went behind Ariosto to his classical originals. The case is different with our other two plays. The author of *The Buggbears* was not content with Grazzini. He drew also on other Italian comedies, and on Plautus and Terence themselves, especially on the *Andria*, and he introduced into his vigorous, rattling play a brave show of necromancy out of Agrippa, Nostradamus, and other people—the kind of thing we find later in *Bacon and Bungay*, in *Henry VI. Part II.*, and in Jonson's *Alchemist*, which last Mr. Bond somehow omits to mention. For the plot tells how a young Florentine, with his accomplices, disguised as spirits or devils, robs his old father of 3,000 crowns, which are then solemnly handed back to him as the dowry he requires before he consents to his son's marriage. It is a fine opportunity for a display of roguery feasting on superstition, and the author makes much of it. Then in our last play, *Misogonus*, we find yet another influence at work. No single original can be found for *Misogonus*. It appears not to be a translation at all, and its debt to Latin or Italian comedy is chiefly indirect. It is a masterly example of what is known as the Educational drama, popular in Dutch and German schools, a drama which took the form and spirit of Latin comedy and used them on a more improving story, usually that of the Prodigal Son. The Prodigal's wasting of his substance gave ample room for

scenes of gaiety; but there was ample room also for much edifying talk, for awful warnings, and a sound moral; and the change of tone and story could be made without travelling very far from the material of the Latin models. These education plays were fairly common; one of them, *Acolastus*, was translated from Latin into English in 1540, and was certainly known to the author of *Misogonus*, while Mr. Bond traces his debt to others, and he was indebted also to Plautus and Terence directly. Another source on which he drew was undoubtedly the jest-books, those repositories of coarse humor and comic types. Between them all he makes one of the liveliest and raciest of all our early plays. The Prodigal's revel, with the figure of the scandalous priest, is infinitely gayer than any of the modern attempts at showing the pleasures of vice, while his rustics, one would wager, are drawn from first-hand observation. He can be very dull at times; but the play is still delightful to read, and would be far more delightful but for one great objection.

That objection is that the author of *Misogonus* (like the author of *The Buggbears*, and unlike Gascoigne) chose to write in what he considered to be verse. More than ten years before Lyly's *Campaspe* Gascoigne had the sense to write comedy in prose, and his prose is wonderfully clear, swift, and graceful. The authors of *Misogonus* and of *The Buggbears* were less sensible. The verse of *The Buggbears* is not so bad; that of *Misogonus* is about as bad as it could be. Mr. Bond's theory of its transitional structure is extremely interesting and ingenious; but that makes the play no easier to read. If only, one feels, the author had not chosen to rhyme! Then one might possibly have forgotten that this was meant for verse at all. As it is, one is pulled up at the end of every

line and forced to flounder through the next in search of rhythm and accent. Mr. Bond refers to Mr. Saintsbury's witty description of the rhyme as something by which the author "held on"—something "to hand himself on with from step to step in his progress of prosodic wobbling and staggering." But it is ill walking with a lame or a drunken man. Apart from this the play is, like the other two, enjoyable in itself, and particularly interesting as showing how the English drama of the time benefited from the study of Latin and Italian models. In all three plays the management of the plot, the quality of the dialogue, the construction and the feeling for dramatic action and dra-

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matic presentation are far above those shown in the great majority of contemporary plays. It was from Latin and Italian models that our playwrights first learned, in comedy no less than in tragedy, how to make a play; and if, when the art had been mastered, Shakespeare and the others threw away the model and worked by rule of thumb, their debt to Plautus and Terence and their Italian followers is none the less apparent. And Mr. Bond's book, with its comprehensive view of the whole field, its minute annotation, and its trustworthy text, is a fine specimen of English scholarship.

THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW.

That Stevenson wrote an essay on the future of Socialism will be news to many readers of to-day who are moderately familiar with his writings from "Travels with a Donkey" to the Vailima Letters. Those who are fortunate enough to possess the Edinburgh edition may have made acquaintance with it; but for a wider circle, familiarity with R. L. S.'s expressed views on the subject has probably been delayed until the publication this year of a volume of essays entitled "Lay Morals, &c.," in the familiar six shillings edition issued by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. And here is the essay, which he calls "The Day After Tomorrow," and which, read the first time a quarter of a century, perhaps, after it was written, can still stir the blood, in his own flashing phrase, like Burgundy or daybreak. From internal evidence, since he writes of "President Cleveland's letter," and makes certain references to Mr. H. M. Hyndman, "The Day After To-morrow" should have been written about the middle

eighties; but it could not fit any political outlook of those years more closely and with keener emphasis than it suits the situation as we see it, or as some of us see it, to-day. The "To-morrow" of the eighties has come, and we are waiting, many of us without much elation, for the day after, which is our own to-morrow. Meanwhile how could the condition of affairs brought about by recent legislation be summed up better than in a phrase or two twenty-five years old already? "Our legislation grows authoritative, grows philanthropical, bristles with new duties and new penalties, and casts a spawn of inspectors, who now begin, notebook in hand, to darken the face of England. It may be right or wrong, we are not trying that; but one thing it is beyond doubt: it is Socialism in action, and the strange thing is that we scarcely know it." Though, to be sure, in this year of grace we are getting to know it very plainly indeed.

"There are great truths in Socialism," writes Stevenson, "or no one, not

even Mr. Hyndman, would be found to hold it." But if it is to come, we may as well have some notion of what it will be like, and "the first thing to grasp is that our new polity will be designed and administered (to put it courteously) with something short of inspiration. It will be made, or will grow, in a human parliament; and the one thing that will not very hugely change is human nature. "What changes, then, may we look for? "Well, this golden age of which we are speaking will be the golden age of officials. In all our concerns it will be their beloved duty to meddle, with what tact, with what obliging words, analogy will aid us to imagine. . . . The laws they will have to administer will be no clearer than those we know to-day and the body which is to regulate their administration no wiser than the British Parliament." And then follows this striking passage:—

And if the Socialistic programme be carried out with the least fulness, we shall have lost a thing, in most respects not much to be regretted, but as a moderator of oppression, a thing nearly invaluable—the newspaper. For the independent journal is a creature of capital and competition; it stands and falls with millionaires and railway bonds and all the abuses and glories of to-day; and as soon as the State has fairly taken its bent to authority and philanthropy, and laid the least touch on private property, the days of the independent journal are numbered. State railways may be good things and so may State bakeries; but a State newspaper will never be a very trenchant critic of the State officials.

Next, these officials would have no sinecure. We may consider the effect of increased legislation upon human nature. The more laws to be broken, the more sins spring up. "The number of new contraventions will be out of all proportion multiplied." If we take the case of work alone, and recognize that man is an idle animal,

we shall find that men are spurred to work by hope and by fear. "But in unloved toils, even under the prick of necessity, no man is continuously sedulous. Once eliminate the fear of starvation, once eliminate or bound the hope of riches, and we shall see plenty of skulking and malingering." Well, then, how are the officials to treat the malingerers?

To dock the skulker's food is not enough; many will rather eat haws and starve on petty pilferings than put their shoulder to the wheel for one hour daily. For such as these, then, the whip will be in the overseer's hand; and his own sense of justice and the superintendence of a chaotic popular assembly will be the only checks on its employment. "Now, you may be an industrious man and a good citizen, and yet not love, nor yet be loved by, Dr. Fell the inspector. It is admitted by private soldiers that the disfavor of a sergeant is an evil not to be combated, offend the sergeant, they say, and in a brief while you will either be disgraced or have deserted. And the sergeant can no longer appeal to the lash. But if these things go on, we shall see, or our sons shall see, what it is to have offended an inspector."

It is presumed, under such a state of society, that the level of comfort will be high. Not necessarily. Man is "supposed to love comfort; it is not a love that he is faithful to." Rather he wants excitement:—

Danger, enterprise, hope, the novel, the aleatory, are dearer to man than regular meals. He does not think so when he is hungry but he thinks so again as soon as he is fed; and on the hypothesis of a successful ant-heap, he would never go hungry. It would be always after dinner in that society, as, in the land of the Lotos-eaters, it was always afternoon; and food, which, when we have it not, seems all-important, drops in our esteem, as soon as we have it, to a mere prerequisite of living.

A man wants, in short, to be able to choose; to work as he pleases, to idle

when he wishes, to drink what he likes. That is why he always prefers money to things; money gives him more freedom of choice, a wider field of action. And he chooses where he pleases, even if his choice means danger, or, rather, *because* it means danger:—

Pinches, buffets, the glow of hope, the shock of disappointment, furious contention with obstacles: these are the true elixir for all vital spirits, these are what they seek alike in their romantic enterprises and their unromantic dissipations. When they are taken in some pinch closer than the common, they cry, "Catch me here again!" and sure enough you catch them there again—perhaps before the week is out. It is as old as *Robinson Crusoe*; as old as man.

There is such a thing, in fact, as a "tedium of safety." The bourgeois already, in our society as it exists, "is too much cottoned about for any zest in living: he sits in his parlor, out of reach of any danger, often out of reach of any vicissitudes, but one of health; and there he yawns." Life is safe, but immeasurably dull. What is wanted is the spice of excitement. "The aleatory, whether it touches life, or fortune, or renown—whether we explore Africa or only toss for halfpence—that is what I conceive men to love best—and that is what we are seeking to exclude from men's existences."

Of all forms of the aleatory, that which most commonly attends our working men—the danger of misery from want of work—is the least inspiring: it does not whip the blood, it does not evoke the glory of contest; it is tragic, but it is passive; and yet, in so far as it is aleatory, and a peril sensibly touching them, it does truly season the men's lives. Of those who fall, I do not speak—despair should be sacred; but to those who even modestly succeed, the changes of their life bring interest: a job found, a shilling

saved, a dainty earned, all these are wells of pleasure springing afresh for the successful poor; and it is not from these but from the villa-dweller that we hear complaints of the unworthiness of life.

And for how long will the unchanging dulness of the new order of life be borne with?

Soon there would be a looking back: there would be tales of the old world humming in young men's ears, tales of the tramp and the pedlar, and the hopeful emigrant. And in the stall-fed life of the successful ant-heap—with its regular meals, regular duties, regular pleasures, an even course of life, and fear excluded—the vicissitudes, delights, and havens of to-day will seem of epic breadth.

After bread, in short, will be demanded the circus. "Bread we suppose to be given amply; the cry for circuses will be the louder, and if the life of our descendants be such as we have conceived, there are two beloved pleasures on which they will be likely to fall back: the pleasures of intrigue and sedition." But that leads to another consideration. In what way will intrigue and sedition find an outlet? You are introducing inevitably an era of communal independence:—

But the rise of communes is none the less the end of economic equality, just when we were told it was beginning. Communes will not be all equal in extent, nor in quality of soil, nor in growth of population; nor will the surplus produce of all be equally marketable. It will be the old story of competing interests, only with a new unit; and, as it appears to me, a new, inevitable danger. For the merchant and the manufacturer, in this new world, will be a sovereign commune; it is a sovereign power that will see its crops undersold, and its manufactures worsted in the market. And all the more dangerous that the sovereign power should be small. Great powers are slow to stir; national affronts, even with the aid of newspapers, filter

slowly into popular consciousness; national losses are so unequally shared, that one part of the population will be counting its gains while another sits by a cold hearth. But in the sovereign commune all will be centralized and sensitive.

To what end, then, do you come? Inevitably, again, to a period of flux and reflux, to competition in a new form with old instincts behind it; in the last end, contradictorily but naturally enough, because of the very neglect of the nature of mankind, to the harshest and fiercest competition in the world, which is war. On that note, of war because of the satiety of order, the essay ends:—

When jealousy springs up, when (let us say) the commune of Poole has overreached the commune of Dorchester, irritation will run like quicksilver throughout the body politic; each man in Dorchester will have to suffer directly in his diet and his dress; even the secretary, who drafts the official correspondence, will sit down to his

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task embittered, as a man who has dined ill and may expect to dine worse; and thus a business difference between communes will take on much the same color as a dispute between diggers in the lawless West, and will lead as directly to the arbitrament of blows. So that the establishment of the communal system will not only reintroduce all the injustices and heart-burnings of economic inequality, but will, in all human likelihood, inaugurate a world of hedgerow warfare. Dorchester will march on Poole, Sherborne on Dorchester, Wimborne on both; the wagons will be fired on as they follow the highway, the trains wrecked on the lines, the ploughman will go armed into the field of tillage; and if we have not a return of ballad literature, the local press at least will celebrate in a high vein the victory of Cerne Abbas or the reverse of Toller Porcorum. At least this will not be dull; when I was younger, I could have welcomed such a world with relief; but it is the New-Old with a vengeance, and irresistibly suggests the growth of military powers and the foundation of new empires.

THE ROMANCE OF THE MOLLUSC.

The rock-pool in which we can paddle up to the knees and grope under stones up to the elbows, makes an appeal to the hunting instinct of all ages. Baby dabbles at the edge and dreams of catching monsters with his impossible little net; mother points out the wonderful little fishes that dart and throw their shadows on the sand; grandfather, under the plea of science, dredges out prawn and crab when public opinion does not condemn him to be content with coralline and seaweed. A blenny lashes its tail and shoots from one refuge to another, and the whole hunt is up and after him. Nobody, from first to last, takes any notice of the limpets that make themselves part of the rocks, of the purples and periwinkles with their amazing richness and

variety of color within the circle of a single species. They are just snails, and the snails are with us always and everywhere. They have been far too successful in life's battle to excite the wonder of those who go down to the sea to find new and wonderful things.

If we were to consider the fish, the crab, and the mollusc from the point of view of their primal endowments, we might have to give to the last the palm for achievement. The fish has a strong support of bones within, the crab has a goodly armor without, the mollusc is but a blob of protoplasm without stiffening of either kind. Yet hath it not heart and gills as the others have, affections and ambitions as they have, and the same right and will to take a share of the universe? Its flabbiness

is the endowment of the meek, and may give it the inheritance of both sea and land. The race shall include the whelk of the shallow sea, the giant cuttle-fishes and octopi of the ocean depths, the clams, in whose cast shells men may bathe, and the snails that take the right of cows in every field and to the tops of the mountains.

The gasteropod is given by its name the lowliest rôle in creation. "On thy belly shalt thou go" is more truly to be said of the snail than of the snake. It must, however, be no longer a belly, but a flat and rubber-like sole, grasping by suction and slipping in oil by turns, and thus sliding the animal forward. Flattening and thickening having been decreed for the nether region, the organism (unrestrained by back-bone) bulges dorsally. The much-eating slug develops an intestinal knapsack that swells and rises, and then by its weight and softness falls over like the tip of a stocking-cap. Perchance it falls to the right, perchance to the left, and thus makes the beginning of an animal fitted to live in a right-twisting or a left-twisting shell. Put a piece of plasticene on the table, and pinching the tip of it, twist the reverse way of the hands of the watch, and you make the spiral shell of ninety-nine out of every hundred of the world's gasteropods. Once in ten thousand times an individual of any species will have a shell twisted the other way. By a slight chemical change of the water, the fry from a batch of eggs may all develop "perverse" shells. All the winkles of the Norwich Crag had clockwise shells, though their obvious descendants of to-day are universally anti-clockwise.

Not lightly do we pay for a gormandizing that makes the stomach topple and twist like an over-piled piece of dough. That ventricle of the heart that came undermost when the twisting began is found to have been rubbed right out,

and the right ventricle now lies on the left side of the body. The nerve system is twisted from a straight line into a loop, and the other system, normally fore-and-aft, has suffered similarly violent change. Surely this would have spelt annihilation; this high living would not have been possible without the expedient of enclosing the hump in a shell. The shell is no more a part of the mollusc than the clothes are a part of man. It is built to the requirements of the tenant, always of lime, acted upon by the slime of the mantle, sometimes of papery lightness for the nautilus to sail in, sometimes of thick stone to withstand the battering of waves upon a hard beach. All the beautiful variations of the spiral that mathematician or artist can draw are represented in the work of the gasteropods, and they are decorated with every arrangement of color that can please the eye of man, yet can never appeal to the eye of the slugs that made them.

Then shall we praise the limpet for having fortified itself more strongly than any, and yet maintained its symmetry? We cannot. It is true that the limpet, unlike the others, lives in a straight shell, but anyone who has the curiosity to look at the limpet itself will find that its body is twisted like that of the whelk. Having lived for millions of years in a twisted shell, it has got, together with its habit of fixation, instead of withdrawal into the shell, a cover like an extinguisher. But in other millions of years it has failed to get the kinks out of its body. It is a standing example of the saying that clothes do not make the man. Very young limpets declare the story of their house by wearing spiral shells. Thus do the young only too often wither the pretensions of their elders. The only straight gasteropod we are likely to find is the mall shell, or chiton, and that we usually insult by

calling a sea wood-louse. By making its shell in seven separate plates, it gets the wood-louse's method of protection, and it maintains the symmetry of body that must surely be the ideal of all self-respecting animals. It stands in the text-books as the ideal gasteropod, from which the others are, *prima facie*, a sad falling away.

The shell of the bivalve is a more wonderful work of art than that of the gasteropod. This dab of protoplasm lies on its side, and folds its mantle under and over like the leaves of a book. Then the mantle by its alchemy binds the volume most wonderfully in ivory. There is a hinge of leather kept durable by some means, though it is out of contact with the bullder. The tooth-and-socket hinging and locking arrangements of the shell itself are still more inexplicable. Each bivalve has its own family pattern, and the individual execution of it is so exact that from millions of valves you can only pick out two that fit, the re-united pair that are the work of one particular bygone mollusc. The perfection of the mechanism, wrought without visible means, is beyond speculation, beyond rhapsody. It is to be felt with the fingers, seen with the inner eye as the crystal is seen by one who thinks upon the great All.

If a little cuttle-fish should appear in our pool it would excite admiration from the most phlegmatic of those who overlook the claims of other molluscs. It has cast aside the *rôle* of the meek, and become an aggressive creature, needing no shell to protect it, and scorning to be tied down in one place

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like the whelk or the limpet. It has put the rubber body of the mollusc to the same obvious use as the others, but it has applied that use in a different and more efficient way. The boy who was given a piece of leather like the sole of a slug would make a sucker of it. The limpet anchors itself strongly to its rock by the same means. The cuttle-fish works its protoplasm into a thousand suckers distributed over its ten arms, with which it can catch prey several times its own size and hold it to its mouth. Monsters have been recorded of such a size that they can hold a boat, and pick out its sailors as a boy picks plums from a cake. The cachelot feeds upon cuttle-fish and octopi, each of which makes several mouthfuls, and sometimes no doubt the would-be feeder becomes the food of its pulpy antagonist. Of the siphon, the universal tool of its order, the cuttle-fish has made another startling use. The siphon is but a fold of the mantle with which the whelk sucks in water for the aeration of its gills. The cuttle-fish takes the water in, then shoots it out with such force as to propel itself violently backward. Thus it shoots away from its enemies. Better than that it adds a dark pigment to the stream, and so makes a cloud of submarine smoke that hides its retreat. The invention is millions of years old. Fossil cuttle-fish have been dug up, and the sepia found in them proved just as good as that taken from the contemporary animal. After all, the best pool in which to find a cuttle-fish is that to which is attached a single reverent observer.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A light and entertaining story is William Johnston's "The Yellow Letter," in which an amateur detective, in love with the heroine, chances to note that

each of a succession of inexplicable suicides has followed the receipt of a mysterious yellow envelope, traces the envelopes to the village post-office

where they were malled, and unearths a blackmailing scheme of peculiar malignity which has threatened the household of his sweetheart. Misunderstandings between rivals complicate and diversify the plot. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

There are young people's stories which appeal to boys and there are those that appeal to girls; but one seldom comes upon a story which makes so strong an appeal to both as does Edna A. Brown's story of "Four Gordons." This is partly because the four Gordons in question are three brothers and a sister so nearly of an age that the difference doesn't count; and all four attendants at the same high school, mingling on terms of good comradeship with other boys and girls of corresponding ages. There are plenty of incidents of school life and home life, and the four Gordons, albeit of the same family, have enough differences of character to give piquancy and flavor to a thoroughly readable and wholesome tale. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

Stevenson once said, "For my part, I liked a story to begin with an old wayside inn." "The Hand of Diane," by Percy J. Hartley, in its beginning fulfils this requirement, nor in the pages which follow do we for an instant lose the real flavor of romance. The scene is laid in France, at the time when so much power lay in the hands of Diane of Poltiers, and the action is continuously stirring. In the whole book there is "no good place to stop," and the hero, M. de Confians, is romantically satisfying. One of the prime interests of the story is a case of mistaken identity which baffles the reader as well as the characters in the tale itself, a circumstance not always true in average works of fiction. And far above the average is the author's power of drawing quick pen sketches

which are quite unforgettable for their vividness of color, detail, and dramatic interest. The Baker and Taylor Co.

"Dionis of the White Vell," an Ursuline novice, is the heroine of a romance of the wilderness of Louisiana, in the earliest years of the reign of Louis XV. Dowerless and an orphan, she is forced by her relatives into convent life; when her novitiate is barely begun, she is sent with several nuns and priests on a mission to the New World. A chance meeting in France with the Cavalier Fauchet, who is returning to Illinois with a land grant from the King, starts a train of adventure that ends satisfactorily, far up the Mississippi, after the two have passed successfully and happily together through all possible trials and perils. The skill of Caroline Brown, the author, is considerable in rousing interest in single incidents, but she does not whip out her climax with quite the skill and finish that this sort of romantic adventure demands. The characters are consistent and interesting. L. C. Page Co.

"After all it is the average person who enjoys a cathedral best." This is a sentence taken at random from "A Tour and a Romance" by Alice E. Robins, but it expresses adequately the spirit of the entire book. For the characters are average persons, just like any of us. They go on a tour through Spain, and we are persuaded that it would be extremely difficult for any one to enjoy a cathedral or anything else more than they did. A number of excellent photographs enhance the value of an account which will gratify lovers of Spain, and will stimulate an interest in that country in those hitherto indifferent to its charms. But the tour does not obscure the delicate romance, in fact it is an unusual setting for a very pretty love story. The quality of humor is not lacking,

and in the midst of more appreciative impressions, we get the racy views of Jonas Van Putten, American financier. It is a happy, sunny story and will refresh as well as inform. The Baker and Taylor Co.

Mrs. Elaine Goodale Eastman gives a striking instance of the devotion of a true wife in her "Yellow Star," in which she unhesitatingly sacrifices the government and army of the United States, and the white population generally, to the glorification of the Sioux, the tribe to which her clever and admirable husband belongs. "Yellow Star," her heroine, the orphan daughter of a Sioux chief, and sole survivor of a battle which the Sioux called a massacre, being brought to the East by her guardian, the widow of a missionary, outshines her white schoolmates, not only in wit and beauty, but in scholarship, puts nearly all the adult whites whom she meets at a disadvantage, and when she returns to her people, departs amid general regret, and eventually marries a white schoolmate. Taking the story as it stands, accepting its theories and enjoying its author's enthusiasms, one finds it as pretty a romance as one could wish to read, but one hardly expects to behold a wild rush of white men and women to the reservations in search of Indian consorts, and one devoutly hopes that not many Indian girls, however pretty and clever, will be lured to the East, expecting to re-enact the history of Yellow Star. Little, Brown & Co.

The child reader of fiction cares little for stories of judicious mothers, warranted to transform the least promising infant into a fair imitation of an angel, preferring an actual tyrant, because her faults exalt the merits of her offspring, precisely, he feels, as his own are set off by the failings of his own parents. The only judicious mother acceptable to the child is she who can

outwit, and out-talk him, and such a mother does Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin present in her "Mother Carey's Chickens." The four chicks, Nancy, the genius, Kathleen, the beauty, Gilbert, the mildly selfish, and Peter, "sweet Pete," the slightly spoiled but altogether charming, are the willing slaves of their mother's beauty and cleverness. Fifty or sixty years ago Grace Aguilar created a mother, adored by her children and by her niece, even as Mrs. Carey is adored by the "chickens" and by their cousin Julia, whom she transforms from a "trig, smug prig," into a creature perfectly harmonizing with her cousins, and gifted with virtues of her own. But Grace Aguilar's dearly beloved Mrs. Hamilton, although she occupied a peak of lonely grandeur far above the humble heights on which her children dwelt, in their presence was always dignity itself. Mrs. Carey works and plays with her children, shares her friends with them, takes them for partners in her plans for making the village in which they live happier and better, and children will find her as agreeable as she will seem to their parents. As for the "chickens" they are worthy of their mother and their part in remodelling their cousin's character is admirably played, and suggests the possibility of doing good without becoming offensive, as is the custom of the ordinary story-book child. They are witty and shrewd and reflect their mother's teaching as faithfully as the Hamilton children reflected theirs. Mrs. Fairbairn, according to the caustic Miss Fish, from the time she became a mother, ceased to be anything else. Mother Carey does not cease to be anything good, and gathers both graces and wisdom from each of her added years. She shows a new model of motherhood to girls, a new theory of motherhood to boys. Houghton, Mifflin Co.